McKean County Miner.

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J. A. McKEAN'S RESIDENCE WAS BURGLARIZED.

They Got Away With Gold Watch and Silverware.

NO CLUE TO THEIR IDENTITY.

Gained Entrance Through the Cellar Early Wednesday Morning—Left Plated Ware and Took Solid Silver Also Mr. McKean's Hat and Shoes.

Burglars entered the residence of Hon. James A. McKean early Wednesday morning and got away with plunder valued at $300 or $400, and thus far there is no clue to the whereabouts or identity of the bold night prowlers.

Yesterday morning when Mrs. McKean got up and went down stairs she missed several articles of table-ware and upon going into her husband's den, found some of it lying about the room. She called him to find out what he had been doing with these articles and when he denied any knowledge of their whereabouts she knew there was something wrong and a hasty investigation showed that burglars had been plying their vocation on the first floor of their beautiful residence while they slumbered above.

The plunder missing consists of Mr. McKean's gold watch and chain, valued at $200; Mrs. McKean's gold thimble, two dozen solid silver spoons, a pocket book belonging to Miss Snyder, of Coleville who had been there the day before and containing about five dollars; a number of pearl beads, unstrung, which came from the Holy Land and valued very highly by Mrs. McKean, they being a present to her; some brushes and other articles out of Mr. McKean's traveling bag and his hat and shoes which he had left in the den.

The burglars were evidently professionals as will be seen by their work. They gained an entrance through the cellar and proceeded systematically with their collecting. The articles were taken into the den and all plated ware and articles of small value were left behind. It is thought that they took the shoes and hat for a blind or as a means of disguise for they will not fit the ordinary man.

After the burglars selected such articles as they considered valuable they opened the den door and made their departure, without leaving any tracks. Constable Jones was notified and "Billy" has been busy with an investigation but thus far has not gained any information of value. The watch is marked and if they attempt to dispose of it they will probably be caught.

Mr. McKean was awakened by a noise during the night but after raising up in bed decided that it did not amount to anything and went back to sleep. He probably heard them and the noise of his moving in bed probably frightened them away, for they evidently had not finished their work because much solid silver was not molested which could have been easily found.

Gone to New Home.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Clarke left this morning for Folsom, W. Va., where they will make their home in the future. Mr. Clarke has accepted the agency for the Kern gas burner for West Virginia and will travel a good deal. They have decided to locate at Folsom in order to be with their son, Alex.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke have been residents of this place for nearly twenty years past and they have made many firm friends who regret to have them leave our midst, but wish them success and happiness in their new home, and will always welcome them back to Smethport and McKean county. As sheriff and deputy Mr. Clarke made a host of friends throughout the county and his genial presence will be missed by all.

Reckless Shooting at Least.

A correspondent says: Thursday afternoon while men were laying tile for a cellar wall for Clayton Irons, just west of town, a bullet came flying through the air so near to the men employed that it frightened them for an instant. After investigating, a Mr. Party was seen perched in a clump of trees and bushes just across the field ready to fire the second time when Mr. Irons started through the field to see what was meant by it. On seeing him approach, Mr. Party arose and made his escape down the hill through Lindholm & Swanson's pasture.

The bullet came so close to the people employed that it was also heard whirling past them by Holmes & Gilfillan's teamster, Mr. Dickinson, who was just driving on the grounds with a load of tile. Just what was meant by the rash performance we are unable to state, but we will certainly learn if it ever occurs again.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Johnson-Johnson Nuptials.

A very pleasant church wedding took place at the Swedish Lutheran church, Thursday evening, August 1, 1907, at eight o'clock. The contracting parties were Miss Lena Johnson and Mr. Alfred Johnson, both well known and popular young people of Smethport. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, carnations and smilax. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. E. Nordgren of Bradford.

The bride was attended by Miss Vera Johnson, sister of the bride, and Miss Amanda Anderson. Mr. Wm. Johnson and Mr. Edward Anderson were the groom's attendants.

The bride was gowned in embroidered net over white silk, and carried white roses. Her attendants wore pink gowns and carried pink roses.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents on East Main street, where an elegant lunch was served. The table decorations were smilax and carnations. The presents were beautiful and numerous.

A vast number of friends were present to wish the happy couple God speed on their journey through life.

Moving Glass Plant.

The State Line Window Glass Company of Ceres, whose plant was partially destroyed by fire several months ago, have decided to locate at Hazelhurst where an arrangement has been made to install their make of patented glass blowing machines. The work of shipping the material from the Ceres plant is now under way. At Hazelhurst a very large factory owned by the Healy Window Glass Company, has been acquired and the two companies will join hands and make a new issue of the stock. It is asserted that the gas supply at Ceres was not entirely satisfactory while at Hazelhurst there was a large factory already erected and plenty of gas assured. The move is a disappointment to Ceres folks and a source of joy to the people of Hazelhurst.—Bolivar Breeze.

W. C. Nice has been superintending the shipment of the machinery of the Ceres plant at Hazelhurst, and has everything on the way except a few of the heaviest parts of the outfit. Several car loads have already arrived in Hazelhurst, and the work of installing the machines in the Healy plant will shortly be taken up.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Democrats Meet.

A meeting of the democratic county committee was held at the Hotel Holley in this city Saturday afternoon when W. F. Potter was reelected as chairman of the county committee, G. A. Korner was chosen secretary and the Hon. George C. Fagnan, treasurer. The county chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to select a candidate for county treasurer, to fill the vacancy on the ticket made by R. W. Hilton's withdrawal. The committee will consist of the chairman, treasurer and secretary of the county committee and four other democratic electors of Mc of McKean county. The committee is to report on Sept. 1. The rules were revised to conform with the new primary law. The subject of a possible candidate for county treasurer was discussed at some length. L. M. Finney of this city and M. J. Gallup of Norwich township were favorably spoken of.—Bradford Star.

He Wants to Drink.

Peter Haviland, a native of the land of the pipes, Highland flings and Caledonian sports, who has more money than he knows what to do with, has appealed to the supreme court at Washington to set aside a decree by Judge Steiner of Chelan county, setting in Wenachee, west of Spokane, declaring him an habitual drunkard. Haviland says he is an American citizen, having been legally naturalized, and as such he has a right to drink whenever he feels like it. It was suggested that he confine his thirst cures to buttermilk cocktails, but he will have none of them, saying: "They may be all right for Vice President Fairbanks when he's hiking through the North west, but I'll have the the straight stuff. I've a right to say what I shall drink so long as I am paying the bills.—Bradford Era.

Clarion State Normal School.

This school offers unusual advantages to those who are preparing for teaching, for college or for business. By reason of the State's aid the expenses are very low. Write for catalogue to J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

Burglary.

The residence of Hon. James A. McKean was entered on Tuesday night by burglars and his silver, watch and other personal property taken.

Moral: Buy a Burglary, Theft and Larceny Policy of W. F. Specht, who sells all kinds of insurance.

A Popular School.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y., is a school of merit and standing. The school does not employ any road agents. Catalogue free.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Miss Alberta Sturdvent has opened her shampooing and manicuring parlors at her residence. Prices reasonable.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING ON COLE CREEK.

J. W. Scott Meets Death While Standing Under a Tree.

ACCIDENT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

He Was a Contractor For Elisha K. Kane—Death Came Instantly—Another Man Under Same Tree Only Slightly Stunned—Eyebrows, Breast and Leg Singed.

J. W. Scott was instantly killed by lightning while standing under a tree on Cole Creek at about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and a companion, William Hendricks of Emporium, under the same tree escaped without injury, he being only slightly stunned by this bolt of lightning.

Mr. Scott was a contractor for Elisha K. Kane, having the job of pulling the logs to the railroad, and was in the woods superintending the work. When the storm came up he and Hendricks took shelter under this tree. They had been there but a short time when a bolt of lightning struck the tree. It came almost straight down singing Mr. Scott's eyebrow, his left breast and his left leg and tore off his left shoe.

As soon as Mr. Hendricks regained his senses he summoned assistance and Mr. Scott was taken to the camp, but he was past all earthly aid.

The deceased is 44 years of age and is survived by a wife and two grown-up daughters, the daughters living in Ripley, N. Y. He is spoken of as a man of excellent habits and character and his untimely death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

The funeral services will be held at the camp at 1 o'clock to morrow afternoon, Rev. Smith of Farmers Valley officiating and his remains will be taken to Ripley, N. Y., and laid at rest on Saturday.

Resolutions.

At a special review of Bunker Hill Tent, No. 60, K. O. T. M., held on the 15th day July the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Commander of the Universe to remove from our midst our late Sir Knight Oscar Lindquist, and

Whereas the intimate relations long held by our deceased Sir Knight with the members of this Tent, render it proper that we should put on record our appreciation of his services as a Maccabee and his merits as a man. Therefore be it

Resolved, by Bunker Hill Tent, No. 60, K. O. T. M., That while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from his labor to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Sir Knight Lindquist this Tent loses a member who was always active and zealous in his work as a Maccabee, ever ready to succor the needy and distressed of the fraternity, prompt to advance the interests of the order, devoted to its welfare and prosperity; an honest and upright man whose virtues endeared him not only to his brethren of the order but to all of his fellow men.

Resolved, That this Tent tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of our deceased brother in this their sad affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Tent and printed in McKEAN COUNTY MINER and a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

A. R. ANDERSON,
DAN FARR,
C. E. ERLANDSON.

Local Black Hand.

Robert Peppe, a prosperous Italian, who conducts a fruit and general store on East Main street, is greatly distressed over a black hand letter which he received Thursday. The letter was written in English and demanded $5,000 within ten days or they would burn his house and children.

Mr. Peppe has been successful and the person who wrote the letter is undoubtedly familiar with Mr. Peppe's finances. The letter is similar to those received by other Italians, except being written in English. The letter was handed to a neighbor who translated it for the Italian and the people of that vicinity are greatly excited over the matter.—Bradford Herald.

Notice.

Sealed bids or proposals for 22,050 square yards of paving in the borough of Smethport, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, will be received by the town clerk of said borough, at the Borough Council Rooms, until 5 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, August 29th, 1907. Plans and specifications may be obtained from the town clerk at any time prior to said date.

W. G. HOLDER, Clerk.

Smethport, Aug. 7, 1907.

THE STANDARD OIL CO. FINED $29,240,000.

Nothing Like it Ever Known in the World's History.

MORE MAY BE ADDED TO IT.

Other Counts to be Disposed of May Run a Total Up to $88,440,000—Meanwhile the Matter Will go to Court of Appeals and Efforts Made to Secure Reduction on Penalty Imposed on Co. by Judge Landis at Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—Judge Kenesaw M. Landis in the United States District Court, fined the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana $29,240,000 yesterday for violation of the law against accepting rebates from railroads. The fine is the largest ever assessed against any individual or any corporation in the history of American criminal jurisprudence, and is slightly more than 181 times as great as the amount received by the company through its rebating operations. The case will be carried to the higher courts by the defendant company.

Judge Landis commenced reading his decision at 10 o'clock and took about an hour in its delivery. He reviewed the facts in the case, took up the arguments of the attorneys for the defense and answered them, and passed judgment upon the company, which he declared violated the law for the sole purpose of swelling its dividends.

"The court held that the railroads have no more right to make a secret rate for a shipper than a board of assessors would have to make a secret assessment of any particular piece of property.

The court expressed regret that the law failed to provide more serious punishment than a fine, but insisted that the penalty should be sufficiently large to act as a deterrent, and not of such a size as to encourage the defendant to persist in lawlessness.

After reading his opinion and after announcing the amount of the fine Judge Landis directed that a special grand jury be called to inquire into the acts of the Chicago & Alton railroad company, it having been proved in the case just closed that the oil company accepted rebates from that corporation. The jury is summoned for Aug. 8.

The decision of Judge Landis aroused almost as much public interest as did the presence of John D. Rockefeller and other officials of the Standard Oil Co, in the court room on July 6. The crush was so great that a large force of deputy marshals had much difficulty in controlling the crowd which sought to force its way into the court room.

The government was represented in the court room by United States District Attorney Wilkerson. The attorneys who tried the case for the Standard Oil Co., John S. Miller, Alfred D. Eddy and Moritz Rosenthal, were not present, the company being represented by Merritt Starr, a partner of Mr. Miller, and Chauncy Martyn from the office of Mr. Eddy.

When Judge Landis took his seat on the bench he said quietly:

"The United States vs. the Standard Oil Co. Is the defendant represented?"

"If the Court please," said Mr. Starr, "on behalf of the defendant and in the absence of the regular counsel, but with their authority, I desire to make a suggestion or two pertaining to the final order in the case before——"

"Doesn't it strike you," broke in Judge Landis, "that it would be well to wait until I have finished with this document? Then I will hear what you have to say."

During the reading of the opinion, when the Court said something especially stinging against the company or its methods, the spectators would laugh loudly and the bailiffs were compelled repeatedly to rap for order.

Loud handclapping occurred when the Court said:

"When, after all the circumstances of the trial have been brought out and the defendant persistently maintains that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to it the right to make a private contract for a railroad rate, this Court is obliged to confess that he is unable to indulge in the presumption that in this case the defendant was convicted of its virgin offense."

When the reading had been concluded Judge Landis turned to Attorney Starr and said that he was ready to hear what he had to say.

Mr. Starr said that it had been promised that there would be a delay in the execution of the judgment but the Court denied this positively. After some debate between the Court and the attorneys for the government and the company, it was agreed that the attorneys for defense should be given 60 days in which to file a bill of exceptions.

"The Court is as anxious to have this case taken to the Court of Appeals as anybody," said Judge Landis, "and I am willing that sufficient time be given, but it must go to the higher Court through the regular channels. No exception will issue until the certificate has been presented to the Court and fully examined."

It is expected that the case will be heard during the January term of the United States Court of Appeals.

Under the seven indictments still pending against the Standard Oil Co. an additional fine amounting to $88,440,000 may be levied against the company if it is found guilty on trial. There are in these seven indictments a total of 4,422 counts and the maximum fine in each count would be $20,000.

A Washington dispatch says: Significant revelations are made public today in a report submitted to President Roosevelt by Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, concerning the operations of the Standard Oil Company.

In the previous report the means and methods of the Standard were explained. The report sets forth the results of those methods and the effect they have had on the consumer of oil and on the profits of the Standard Oil Co. It deals with profits and prices, showing just how the manipulation of the oil industry by the Standard has affected the pocket book of the American people.

Commissioner Smith says:

"The Standard Oil Co. is responsible for the course of the prices of petroleum and its products during the past 25 years. The Standard has consistently used its power to raise the price of oil during the last 10 years, not only absolutely, but also relatively to the cost of crude oil."

"The Standard has claimed that it has reduced the price of oil; that it has been a benefit to the consumer; and that only a great combination like the Standard could have furnished oil at the prices that have prevailed.

"The falsity of these claims," says Commissioner Smith, "is disproved by this report." The increase in annual profits of the Standard from 1896 to 1904 was over $27,000,000. The report says:

"The total dividends paid by the Standard from 1882 to 1906 were $551,922,904, averaging thus 24.15 per cent. per year. The dividends, however, were much less than the total earnings. It is substantially certain that the entire net earnings of the Standard from 1882 to 1906 were at least $790,000,000, and possibly much more.

"These enormous profits have been based on an investment worth at the time of its original acquisition not more than $75,000,000."

False Filipino Friends.

Some of the old mugwump papers, several of the Democratic, and a very few Republican papers that never miss a chance to shoot at the president, are in a state of high glee over the Philippine elections. They assert that the spirit of independence is voiced in the vote, and insist that the result is strong evidence in favor of independence right away.

It does not seem to have occured to these genial critics that in such a people as the Filipinos the worst element would come to the front before the better element was educated enough to make its power felt as an aggressive but conservative force. What our contemporaries are doing in casting their sneers at the American control of the Philippines is to stimulate the same spirit in the island that cursed South American republics for nearly a century and that is still rife in some of those on this side of the Isthmus of Panama. That is the spirit of contention which involves a people constantly in civil war.

One of the most conspicuous men elected to the new tentative assembly as an agitator for absolute independence was successful by reason of this war record against the United States and his irreconcilable hostility to our authority. His greatest achievement thus far in life connects him with the "busting" of a bank, of which he was president, the collapse being accompanied by violent charges of wrongful appropriation of the funds of the institution. And the majority of the Malays elected as the assembly are like the shady bank president. To turn the islands loose under control of such an element would compel some power to grapple with the problem given up by the Americans.

Filipino independence at this time means a race between England, Japan, France and Germany for scraps of the archipelago or for mastery of the whole of it. It means injury to the islanders past all reckoning. It would be wise for the domestic press to find out what it is backing when it supports the desperate gang of politicians furiously anxious to get rid of our presence in the Philippines in order to loot them after the ancient fashion of provincial plunders, but with modern improvements. The newspapers bound to quarrel with the President care more, it seems, for poisoned arrows at home than for order, security, education and the growth of liberal ideas in the distant islands.—Buffalo News.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

READY FOR BIDS FOR PAVING MAIN STREET.

Plans and Specifications Accepted at Meeting Tuesday Night.

BIDS ASKED ON BOTH FOUNDATIONS

Bids Will be Opened August 29—Then Council Will Decide on Foundation to be Used—Paving to Start as Soon as Contract is Awarded — Prospects Look Bright Now.

The prospects for paving, progress and prosperity look brighter than they ever have before, and we have every reason to believe that before snow flies we will have at least part of Main street paved and be out of the mud for once and all time. To our citizens who have endured this mud for the past twenty to sixty years it probably will seem too good to be true, but you know there is an old adage which says "everything comes to him who waits," and our people have certainly been good waiters.

The council met Monday evening and read over part of the plans and specifications and adjourned until Tuesday evening when the work was completed and they were accepted with a few changes. These plans and specifications provide for three kinds of foundations—concrete, gravel and sand, and crushed stone and sand—and bids will be accepted on all three. When the bids are opened and the difference in cost ascertained, then the council will decide on what sort of foundation we will have.

This is in accordance with the suggestion made in the MINER and we think we voiced the sentiment of a large majority of the people when we made the suggestion, and therefore we wish to commend the council for following out this plan.

The council advertises for bids this week and the bids are to be opened on Thursday, August 29. Copies of the plans and specifications will be printed as soon as possible and contractors wishing a copy of the same may have one by addressing the secretary of the council. The advertisement for bids will be placed in two or more engineering journals and we have every reason to believe that there will be several bids for this work. The contract is much larger than is usually awarded in small cities and boroughs and for that reason there should be sharp bidding for the work.

Famous Show Coming.

With the aid of imagination some fairly adequate idea of ancient splendors may be formed. Magnificent chariots drawn by Arabian Stallions, herds of elephants and camels carrying Bikaneers, warriors in chain armor, sacred cattle and carts of golden plush, bullocks covered by silver trappings, odd conveyences harnessed to elephants, camels, teams and natives from India, all take part in this production.

The Van Amburg Shows carry a large amount of live stock. Horses numbering 300 have to be cared for each day. It takes tons of provender to feed them and the menagerie.

The animals of the menagerie are of the first interest. The hardiest and longest lived and most intelligent is said to be the elephant.

Some of the largest of this show are used to push the heavy wagons and cages about the lot when the show is setting up.

One morning an elephant got enraged at his driver and wheeled quickly and struck at the man with his trunk. The beady eyes of the animal glistened as he trumpeted his anger. The keeper lashed the big brute with his whip and subdued him without any damage being done. had the man been hit by the blow it would have killed him.

When an elephant gets so bad that he is dangerous the owners have the animal killed, and the next season a substitute takes his place, although the killing of an elephant means the loss of several thousand dollars.

The most delicate animal is the giraff. They take cold easily and often die of hasty consumption. Seals are hardy, but they are difficult to train. Probably the hardest animal to train is the wild African zebra.

They will not give up to man. They will be killed before they will obey. Some times hybrids are seen, and they resemble the full-blooded animal.

The Van Amburg Shows carry everything that can be found in a good sized city. With the aggrigations is a blacksmith, a barber, harness maker, two painters, guilder, cooks, bakers, electricians, a minister, two veterinary doctors, the show's own attorney and its regular family physician.

Two exhibitions are given daily under waterproof tents which insure ample protection and comfort.

The show will be here August 14.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

Giuseppina

By OTIS E. WEST.

Copyright, 1907, by Jessie Schreiber.

ON Elizabeth street girls can run a peanut roaster, sell tape and needles and such things from a basket or a bundle upon their shoulders, cry flowers, canvass for anything, and even sell oranges and nuts from a basket, but when they step behind a push cart the complaisance of the street vanishes.

It is not that the girls are desired to abstain from work, for a father will sit in his doorway and smoke while his daughter trudges past him bent nearly double under the burden of merchandise strapped to her shoulders, and a husband will be equally moderate toward his wife. No, Elizabeth street is indulgent toward its women folk as regards work, and it is an accepted condition for a man to lead his monkey and leave his wife to drag the heavy wheel organ and to show the way with empty hands during their frequent [illegible] while the wife and children follow with furniture.

So that according, when a slip of a girl came [illegible] alley pushing a cart before her that was well stocked with fruit and looked timidly along the curb for a place to stop, the other push cart men looked and nodded, [illegible] among themselves. It was not [illegible] for she was only one of the backward kind that did not [illegible] trade, but it was an [illegible] as they moved [illegible] little [illegible] her progress. [illegible]

[illegible] before [illegible] words [illegible] with white hair. [illegible] she was his daughter [illegible] the cart [illegible] Well, [illegible] would [illegible] If that [illegible] girls [illegible] in the sweatshops, sewing or [illegible] push [illegible] So whenever [illegible] although [illegible]

[illegible]

the gum, and when drawn out these would make the stripes in stick candy and candy balls and shaped objects.

All this was plainly visible through the windows of the shop, and from her position at the cart the girl watched the candy maker much of the time when not engaged with customers, at first idly and then with increasing interest. Apparently the operation was a novelty to her. And on his part, after the first day, the old candy maker got in the habit of smiling and nodding an acknowledgment of her interest.

He was a good customer for fruit, partly to be used in his trade and partly for his own consumption. So on the second day, when he picked up a basket and came out on the sidewalk bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves several of the push cart men stepped forward with eager anticipation. But he waved them back brusquely. He had seen a good deal through the window in spite of his seeming absorption in his work.

"No, no," he said brusquely, "your hands are not clean enough to handle fruit. I will buy from the girl."

The third day he began to watch the girl anxiously. He, too, had noticed her exhaustion. During the day he was out twice and bought fruit from her.

The fourth morning a long line of girls went into the shop one after another, remaining a few moments and then coming out. For the most part they were ill clad, unattractive girls, and not one of them bought anything. It was evident they were seeking work and just as evident, after the first twenty or more had gone in and come out, that the candy maker was becoming irritated. Toward the end he only gave an applicant a single glance, and more than once his "No!" was plainly heard by the girl at her push cart on the curb.

At length late in the afternoon he came out bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]," she answered doubtfully.

"[illegible]," he went on, "[illegible] shop. Not one of those girls [illegible] with soiled dresses and untidy hair and sullen faces and pert manners. They'll make pretty shopgirls, wouldn't they? I want a lady, [illegible] girl who can look pleasant and at the same time be ladylike. They all came in answer to my advertisement, and [illegible]"

[illegible]

daughter and myself. I was trying to induce her to help me in my business. But suppose we go into the shop. We can talk better there."

Without waiting for their consent he crossed the sidewalk to his store, and after a little hesitation they followed. At the door he turned.

"Say, you cutthroat men," he called warningly to the push cart owners, "don't you touch a thing in this young lady's cart! If you do I'll—I'll run you in."

"You 'spose we thiefs!" called back one of the men indignantly. "We not [illegible]

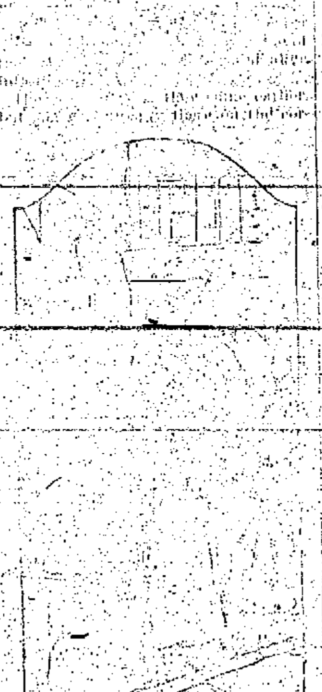
[illegible]

[illegible] was now taking little work." [illegible] from the way you looked at the cart the first day you [illegible] I was watching. But yesterday and today you've seemed a little sick [illegible]

[illegible] Believe them that way to save [illegible] Your father and I will talk till I [illegible] Then I'll wash the candy off my hands and we'll eat."

It was a much longer meal than usual with the candy maker, and he forced himself to eat twice his usual allowance in order to keep his guests at the table. When at last they [illegible]

[illegible]



HE FOUND HER CART IN THE USUAL PLACE.

her, as before, with dark circles under her eyes, but hopeful. Evidently she had come almost before it grew light. Again they tried to divert her sales with [illegible] glances, but ineffectually. Her position was too good and her fruit too clean and nicely arranged and the mute appeal of her silence too irresistible. But before night, when not making sales, she spent most of her time leaning against the cart for support.

The [illegible] day this exhaustion became more apparent, so that even the most callous of the push cart men noticed it. The animosity in the eyes of [illegible] was a precedent at stake, so even those [illegible] the most brutal in their efforts to [illegible] the girl away. And as [illegible]

[illegible]

A fruit hawker whose white hair [illegible] walking slowly with [illegible] of a cane. He halted [illegible]

"Giuseppina," he cried, "I could not wait any longer. I have been worrying all day, and at last I had to get up and dress and come and see. You looked so bad last night, and you did not want me to notice. I pretended to be asleep, but I watched and I watched the night before. The two first days I was too sick to think, but since then you have not eaten a thing. You spent your money for wines and medicines for me, and"—

The girl had been trying to interrupt him with warning glances, with expressive motions of her hands. Now she cried "Father!" again with such shamed distress in her voice that for the first time the old man noticed and understood. He drew himself up with sudden unconscious dignity.

"It was only that my daughter insists on buying me costly wines and medicines like the very rich people have," he said, addressing the candy maker [illegible]

[illegible] into the girl's hands. "We have eaten all the fruit. [illegible] but all hard men have good spots sometimes, somewhere."

As they trooped out again noisily the girl's lips quivered in an ill-repressed sob.

"The world is so good, so good," she murmured.

An Apprehension.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "aren't favorite sons remarkably numerous in politics just now?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing. Only I do hope it won't wind up in a family quarrel."—Washington Star.

Suggestive.

"Miriam," said her mother, "have you ever given young Mr. Stapleford any reason to believe you cared for him enough to marry him?"

"He seems to think so," answered the daughter, "because I told him the other evening that he was sending me too many costly flowers and ought to begin to save his money."—Chicago Tribune.

They Began Early.

Gummey—Women's habit of going to their husbands for money is as old as the human race. Gosgood—That can't be, for the [illegible] such thing as money for many [illegible] Gummey—Nevertheless Eve got a "bone" from Adam.

[illegible] Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets [illegible] away. [illegible] blood pressure. That is all. [illegible] Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

AN OLD HOME WEEK

A Program of Rich and Varied Interest and Universal Appeal.

PAN-AMERICAN'S SUCCESSOR

How the Queen City Will Celebrate the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Its Incorporation—The McKinley Monument, Gift of New York State, to Be Dedicated.

The City of Buffalo is 75 years old. That fact is not particularly impressive in itself. Many smaller cities are older. But it is one reason why Buffalo is to have an Old Home Week celebration—from Sept. 1 to 7 inclusive.

Another reason is that Buffalo is to dedicate a monument which Buffalo thinks is the noblest shaft in the country.

Of Historic Interest.

Buffalo has a past as well as a present and a future. Indians fought the British hereabouts before the Revolution. The War of 1812 was largely fought on this frontier. Some of the descendants of the soldiers that burned Buffalo in 1814 will be invited back for Canada day during Old Home Week. The westering tide of emigration halted at the eastern shore of Lake Erie long enough to transform the Dutch village of New Amsterdam into the American city of Buffalo. The city was incorporated in 1832—seventy-five years ago.

The second generation of Buffalonians founded Chicago. The third helped to people the Great West. Of late years Buffalo has been sending [illegible]

[illegible] William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States. The monument, it is expected, will be unveiled by the present President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. It stands on Niagara Square opposite the house in which lived Millard Fillmore. There will be an historic conjunction—Roosevelt and Cleveland on the same platform, with the spirits of McKinley and Fillmore hovering o[illegible]

[illegible] The height of the shaft is [illegible] feet above the base and the base is 24 feet high. The architects were Carrère & Hastings of New York. The [illegible] lions were sculptured by A. Phimister Proctor of New York.

Special Attractions.

Here is the tentative programme of the week:

Clergymen's Day, for the reunion of all former Buffalo clergymen of all denominations.

Labor Day, with parade of workingmen.

Firemen's Day, with a parade of all volunteer firemen of Buffalo and surrounding cities within a day's travel.

Canadian Day, dedicated to our neighbors across the border, with a parade in their honor, of which Canadian troops will be a feature.

Buffalo Day, with a parade, taking in all the fraternal and other civic organizations of this city. Reunion of former citizens at Convention hall, with orations, recitations, etc.

McKinley Day, when the monument will be dedicated, and there will be a parade of federal troops and militia from this and other states.

Children's day, with a parade of [illegible] public and parochial school children and automobiles, with prizes for the best decorated machines.

The Illuminations.

It was something like nineteen years ago, as you will recollect if you can remember back to the Buffalo of 1888, that the main street of the city was illumined with tiny lights arranged on arches along its lower length, far from Genesee to Seneca. It was all in honor of the International Industrial Exposition, and was a notable success. In the light of those days, it was as good as there was.

Six years ago there was the brilliant and beloved Pan-American, since when there has been nothing to compare with the illumination scheme, even if comparison were tolerable. No world's fair, no civic glorification, no white city or other amusement park, no anything—has ever thrown a shadow over the sparkling Electric Tower and millions of other twinkling lights of the summer evenings of 1901.

But we are coming to it. In the first week of September next there will be such an electrical display as will show that Buffalo has made progress in illumination in keeping with the development of electric arts. It will be reminiscent of the Electric Tower in being bigger and better and mellower and more attractive, having all the advantages over the Pan-American spectacle but that of sentiment, and that may develop, too. If the Old Home idea itself, and the cordial invitations and the calls of early residence do not bring everybody back, then the Court of Honor can be depended upon to do it.

General Attractions.

Buffalo's Old Home Week has another unique claim to distinction. It is not designed for money-making purposes. The city deliberately put aside all considerations of "trade" by rejecting a date in the late fall and choosing the first week in September, when Buffalo, always the most charming of summer cities, is at her loveliest. Buffalo will present many attractions to the stranger this week, but, above all, she wishes to welcome home her sons and daughters. The committee in charge would be glad to [illegible] the address of any former Buffalonian, so that it may [illegible] him [illegible]

[illegible] Niagara Falls has been turned to [illegible] Falls power [illegible] Buffalo. The [illegible] which will be one of the features of Old Home Week, likewise will lend their delight to Niagara Falls power.

Situated on the Niagara river and Lake Erie, Buffalo is the starting point of many water excursions, long and short, which can be used as side trips during Old Home Week.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT BUFFALO.

[illegible]

[illegible] of the school principals have arranged [illegible] for a historical parade that will be [illegible] a brilliant and an instructive spectacle.

Under this arrangement the parade is to be [illegible] It will include [illegible] bands [illegible] automobiles, etc. The children will wear costumes conforming [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Next will be [illegible] John Smith and a party of English explorers will march with a [illegible] illustrating Pocahontas saving Smith's life. Henry Hudson and his Dutch sailors; Peter Stuyvesant and Dutch ladies and gentlemen; Champlain and a party of French explorers; La Salle and his crew, and other figures in early American history will be reproduced by appropriately garbed children. Then will come a series of floats illustrating the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Betsy Ross making the first American flag, the surrender of Cornwallis, the constitutional convention, Washington's inauguration, Washington's home life. The war of 1812 will be illustrated, floats being used to illustrate Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie, etc. Slavery days will tell their tale in floats and marching blacks, and then the story of the Civil war will be illustrated down to the surrender of Lee. Next will be portrayed the Spanish-American war, with a company of Roosevelt Rough Riders on horseback, who will be impersonated by high school students; Admiral Dewey leading a company of [illegible] floats representing the [illegible] of Cuba and Porto Rico [illegible]

The last of the parade will be devoted to Buffalo history from Joe Ellicott's time down to the present.

[illegible] Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Coleraine.

INSURANCE.

[illegible]

F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

[illegible], reliable companies [illegible]

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Rooney's is the Place

to [illegible]

Fresh,

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whether it be a fore quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless boon to prepare the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular, monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retro-version or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his *free* booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy *of known composition* a secret nostrum *of unknown composition*. Don't do it.

THE BIG STORE.

Ney and Myers Hay Carriers, Single and Double Harpoon Hay-forks, Scythes and Snaths, Rope, Binder Twine, Mason Lightning and Safety Valve Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses, Aluminum Preserving Kettles, Screen Doors and Windows, at

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 2, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—All N. P. L. members requested to attend next meeting, Aug. 10. Something of interest, light refreshments and music.

—Aggressive young men and women of moderate means attend Edinboro Normal. Schools opens Sept. 10. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The Five County Firemen's Convention which was held in Galeton last week, was a great success. Seven hundred firemen and four thousand spectators were there on the big day.

—Mrs. Willard McCarthy and daughter, Evelyn, went to Buffalo Wednesday where they will join Mr. McCarthy and then go to Irvin, N. Y., where they will make their home.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A well drilled in last week by the Charles Duke estate, in Duke Centre borough, started off at 30 barrels a day. The well is located near the Duke House. Another well will be drilled near it at once.

—The fall term of the Lock Haven State Normal School begins September 9th, and the increased application for rooms indicate that its well merited distinction as a school is becoming more widely recognized. Write for its catalog of 140 pages.

—If the Condersport minsters don't let up on the "Sunday observance" argument, and quit quoting authority to substantiate their positions, they'll have that industrious community all laying on their oars, for fear they will do labor on the Lord's day.—Austin Autograph.

—Pennsylvanians who have been evading the State law requiring marriage licenses by going to New York state to have the knot tied, will have to change their program after January 1 next, for a law similar to that of this state goes into effect at the time mentioned.

—The Supreme court of Iowa has decided that the owners of automobiles have the same right on roads and along the streets as the driver of horses, persons riding bicycles or using other vehicles. But they are to use this means of locomotion with due regard to the rights of others. A judgment in favor of a farmer whose team was frightened by an automobile and ran away, was reversed by the Supreme court.

Perpetual Motion Cranks.

In the days of the Mayflower the first perpetual motion inventors took out their patents for "Engines which being put in order will cause and maintayne their own motions with continuance and without any borrowed force of man, horse, wind, river or brooke," and in the last century they have applied for about 600 patents which are based chiefly on the force of gravity, loss of equilibrium, specific gravity of floats and weights immersed in water or other liquid, accession of receptacles inflated with air or gas under water, compression and subsequent expansion of gases and of the surface tension of liquids. So sanguinely hopeful are these ingenious designers that in many cases they provide brakes to stop their machines if necessary or to prevent any dangerous increase of speed. The care and thought expended on the principle and detail of many of the inventions demonstrate that many men of mental ability cling to the idea that perpetual motion is possible and that they themselves are successfully solving the problem.

Made Sure It Was Used.

An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wi' anither ane, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sicht o' the ane she got last nicht."—Glasgow Times.

One Ring and Another.

"I wonder when 'the ring' first became connected with fighting?" said the follower of pugilism. "Oh," replied Henpeck, "I suppose it dates back to the beginning of the Christian religion." "What's that? What has pugilism to do with religion?" "Oh, I thought you were speaking of the wedding ring."—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Aim.

Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head and sometimes the patient.—Hospital.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Alive Four Months in a Grave.

Hari Das, the great Hindoo fakir, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, is the only wonder worker of modern times who has ever allowed himself to be buried in the ground for months. In the year [illegible] Hari told General Ventura that for a certain fee he would allow a committee to test the claims which he made of being able to die and remain dead for months and then come to life again. When all was arranged Hari hypnotized himself to such a degree that his circulation was wholly stopped. When he was pronounced dead to all intents and purposes he was buried in a garden and a high wall built around the grave. Guards were stationed on the wall so that interference or deception would be impossible. Four months later Hari was exhumed according to agreement, and after a few minutes of vigorous rubbing of his body by friends he opened his eyes, and an hour later he was well and able to walk. The fakir was clean shaven when buried and is said to have come out of the grave in the same shape, a fact which is cited to prove that vitality must have been completely suspended.

Seventeenth Century Superstitions.

That it is a very unfortunate thing for a man to meete early in a morning an ill favored man or woman, a rough footed Hen, a shag-haird Dogge, or a blacke Cat. That it is a signe of death to some in that house, where Crickets have bin many yeeres, if on a sudden they forsake the Chimney Corner. That if a man dream of egs or fire he shall heare of anger. That to dreame of the devil is good lucke. That to dreame of gold good lucke, but of silver ill. That if a man be born in the daytime he shall be unfortunate. That if a child be born with a Caule on his head he shall be very fortunate. That when the palme of the right hand itcheth it is a shrewd sign he shall receive money. That it is a great signe of ill lucke if Rats gnaw a mans clothes. That it is naught for any man to give a paire of Knives to his sweetheart for feare it cuts away all love that is between them. That it is ill lucke to have the saltseller fall toward you.

Likes Being Hunted.

The extraordinary intelligence and skill displayed by reynard when being hunted makes it extremely probable that he, in common with the huntsman and the hounds, feels the keen pleasure of the pride of art—an important constituent of the spirit of the Sport. In proof of this, an old fox, when fresh, has often been observed to wait for the hounds, apparently with the purpose of drawing them on, and so giving an opportunity for the display of his skill. The fox owes his present existence in England to his skill in providing sport, and it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that he has acquired the sporting instinct just as the pointer, the hunter and the terrier certainly enter into the spirit of the sport for which they have been bred and to which, therefore, they owe their existence.—London Standard.

Ostriches Are Poor Sailors.

"Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs. We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their sea appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us. And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's lurches and dips knocked them off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, to and fro, wildly, helplessly. Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you'd expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone. Of those eight fine ostriches only two reached port alive."

Books Written in Jail.

Jail seems to be a good place in which to write books. Literary men surpass themselves there. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in prison. Defoe laid the plans for "Robinson Crusoe" during a term of confinement imposed on him for the writing of a pamphlet called "The Shortest Way With the Dissenters." Leigh Hunt wrote "Rimini" in jail. Sir Walter Raleigh during his fourteen years' imprisonment in the Tower of London wrote his excellent "History of the World." Silvio Pellico and Tasso both did their best work in ja[illegible]

Food and Digestion.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef; but while the beef will be easily digested, and thus be of vast service to us, the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect of their chemical value.

A Careful Official.

"Some years ago," remarked a physician, "when the people in the south feared that an epidemic of yellow fever would spread from Cuba to this country the health board officer of a certain southern city was so careful to keep out the infection that he gave orders to disinfect all telegrams received from Havana."

One Sided Talk.

He—Wasn't there some talk about Maud marrying a duke? She—There was, but unfortunately the duke did none of the talking.

Succeeded.

"She married him to reform him."

"Did she succeed?"

"Sure! He used to be a spendthrift and now he has nothing to spend."—Houston Post.

The English billion is 1,000 times greater than the American.

The Ocean Liner Stewardess.

It appears that some stewardesses on the best liners running between Liverpool and New York make from £20 to £30 per month. The average tip varies from 10 shillings to the modest half crown, although occasionally five pound notes change hands. "It is quite true," says a stewardess in a London paper, "that ladies are not nearly so generous as gentlemen. I worked like a slave one trip, night and day, waiting upon an exacting millionaire's wife and children, but they left the ship without giving me even 'Thank you.' I know one stewardess, though, who received £25 as a tip from one of the Vanderbilts, who had his servant standing by him with a satchel of sovereigns, from which all the stewards and other attendants received something. The most generous people are military and civil officers homeward bound from India. Sometimes a rich gentleman passenger falls in love with a stewardess and marries her. But fortunes from tips are rarely made, although a comfortable competency is frequently secured in this way."

Curious Place Names.

Chicago is an Indian word, meaning wild onion or skunk weed. Chesapeake is also Indian and is variously interpreted as highly salted water, great waters or country on a great river. Chautauqua is also an Indian word and has had several interpretations, as a foggy place, a bag tied in the middle (referring to the shape of the lake), a place where a child was washed away, where the fish are taken out, place of easy death or, finally, place where one was lost. Des Moines is usually supposed to refer only to the Trappist monks, and it is also connected with an Indian word meaning the road. Niagara is an Indian word, signifying across the strait or at the neck. Shenandoah is Indian and means the sprucy stream or a river flowing alongside of high hills. Massachusetts means near the great hills or the hill shaped like an arrowhead or, again, the blue hills. Mississippi means great water or gathering in of all the waters or an almost endless river spread out.—Leslie's Weekly.

Playthings of Ancient Children.

The most primitive toy is the doll. It dates back to prehistoric times and is found in every part of the world. This one would naturally expect to find. A child, seeing its mother nursing other younger children, would imitate the example with an improvised doll. Toy weapons, again, are older than history. Many of the other toys at present in use date from the earliest times of which we have any record. In the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, along with painted dolls having movable limbs, have been found marbles, leather covered balls, rustic balls and marionettes moved by strings. Ancient Greek tombs furnish clay dolls, toy horses and wooden carts and ships. In the Louvre there are some Greco-Roman dolls of terra cotta with movable joints fastened by wires. Greek babies had rattles. Greek boys played with whipping tops. So did the boys in ancient Rome.

Why Safety Matches Strike on Glass.

There are two reasons why ordinary safety matches can be struck on smooth glass. The head of the safety match is composed of a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potassium and powdered glass. A comparatively small increase of temperature will cause this to ignite. Now, glass is a bad conductor of heat, and the rapid passage of the substance over it raises the temperature of that substance sufficiently for that purpose. When the glass is rough the friction crumbles away the loosely combined mixture before the temperature rises to the point of ignition; hence, given the composition of the match head, the two circumstances which answer the question are the comparative smoothness of the glass and its imperfect conductivity of heat.

The Tallest Men of Europe.

The tallest men of Europe are found in Catalonia, Normandy, Yorkshire and the Ardennes district of Belgium. Prussia gets her tallest recruits from Sleswick-Holstein, the original home of the Anglo-Saxons; Austria from the Tyrolese highlands. In Italy the progress of physical degeneration has extended to the upper Apennines, but the Albanian Turks are still an athletic race, and the natives of the Caucasus are as sinewy and gaunt as in the days of the argonauts.

Masters of the World.

Simple words, short maxims, homely truths, old sayings, are the masters of the world. Great reformations, great revolutions in society, great eras in human progress and improvement, start from good words, right words, sound words, spoken in the fitting time, and finding their way to human hearts as easily as the birds find their homes.—D. March.

The Landlady's View.

"They say a carrier pigeon will go farther than any other bird," said the boarder between bites.

"Well, I'll have to try one," said the landlady. "I notice a fowl doesn't go far."

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

How to Shoot a Rattler.

The writer once saw an Indian kill a rattlesnake in a very peculiar manner. The rattler was about ten feet from the Indian, who was resting the rifle on his knee, apparently taking aim. Whenever he moved the weapon a few inches the snake would move around and get exactly in line with it. Then, to show how the thing was done, the Indian moved about the snake in a circle, and the reptile moved as if its tail were on a pivot, always keeping its head and body in line with the gun. The Indian then agreed to bandage his eyes and shoot the snake in the mouth. The writer bandaged the Indian's eyes, and, holding the gun by his side at arm's length, the latter pulled the trigger, and the ball entered the snake's mouth and passed the whole length of its body. "How do you take aim?" was the query. "The snake, he takes aim," was the reply. We have talked with an old hunter on this proposition, and he claims that a rattlesnake will always range directly in line with a gun or stick pointed at it.—Exchange.

Snakes as War Weapons.

When Hannibal, the great Carthaginian, was fighting Eumenes of Pergamos with a fleet of very inferior strength he hit upon an artifice which would scarcely be sanctioned by the laws of what we are pleased to call civilized warfare. He discovered by means of a bogus message under a flag of truce on which ship the king was. He then caused poisonous snakes to be inclosed in earthen jars. These he distributed among several ships and ordered them to close up on the king's galley. In the melee that followed the jars were flung on to the deck. The curious bombs were greeted at first with ridicule, which soon changed to panic when the nature of their contents made itself manifest. The galley was extricated from the fight as soon as possible, and the captains of the others, believing that the king had taken flight, followed suit, with the result that Hannibal gained a complete victory.

Cats as Retrievers.

"It is claimed," said a Chicago antiquary, "that cats may be trained as retrievers—trained to swim to your slain birds and bring them back to you in their mouths. The thing sounds incredible, but look here."

He held up the photograph of an ancient Egyptian painting. Men with spears rode on the Nile. In some of the boats large cats sat on their haunches in the stern, while toward others several cats swam with dead birds in their mouths.

"This picture," said the antiquary, "proves that the Egyptians used cats for hunting dogs. If they, why not we? The original of the picture is in the British museum, where there are also several pieces of carving that display the cat in the role of a retriever."

The German and the Fatherland.

A German always remains a German. He respects and loves his fatherland, although isolated and separated from it by boundless oceans and vast continents. A German heart always remains true to the country where it first commenced to beat until it is silenced by death. As a rule, to which there are few exceptions, a man who is loyal to the country of his birth will be loyal to the country of his adoption.—Dr. Nicholas Senn.

Niagara.

Niagara is a corruption of the Seneca word "[illegible]," meaning "across the neck," an allusion to a strip of land between the lakes. The name has been subjected to many changes since the discovery of the cataract, more than thirty different readings being found in the writings of the various early explorers and geographers.

What He Would Do.

Grandpapa—Tommy, Tommy, you aren't behaving well. Do you know what I should do if I were a little boy like you? Tommy—Yes, grandpapa; you'd do the same as I do, 'cause if you didn't you wouldn't be a little boy like me.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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Main St. Smethport

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, I am furnishing patients through druggists, small free Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help. Nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety, cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Stomach distress, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc., surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative. For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

☞ A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You.

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 8, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

THERE is a positive statement that during the past six weeks more than 125 women and young girls have been assaulted—some of them murdered—in New York. In the reports, however, there are signs or indications that some of the alleged assaults are purposely exaggerated in order to arouse public feeling against the present control of the police department. This is certainly true of the action of the Hearst papers.

THE Kane papers are making a kick against the fish laws of this State, so far as trout are concerned. Just why they have taken this position is hard to understand, but they use every argument against the six-inch law they can think of. They argue from a humane standpoint that it is cruel to catch fish and throw them back—to die as they claim—and one article states that nearly all the trout thrown back die and may be seen floating down stream belly up. The writer has caught several hundred of these small trout and thrown them back in the past few years and we are positive that at least 95 per cent. of them dart up stream like a streak as soon as they strike the water and we are further satisfied that if the angler uses ordinary care in taking small trout off the hook and putting them back in the stream that not to exceed three per cent. of them will die from the effect of the hook. Any man who says half of the small trout he has caught and put back floating down stream belly up must be extremely rough in handling them and should not be allowed on a trout stream. If a man loses his temper because his catch is undersized and vents his wrath on the helpless fish by jerking it off the hook and throwing it back into the stream with unnecessary force, a large percentage of them will die but otherwise the percentage is very small.

THE manner in which some Democratic and certain anti-Roosevelt newspapers are charging up the President is not creditable to them, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. They demand a square deal from him, but do not accord it to him. There has been nothing disclosed to indicate that Mr. Roosevelt had any foreknowledge of Judge Pritchard's course in the Southern railway case. There is nothing whatever in evidence to justify the assumption that he is counseling or assisting the judge, nor to warrant the theory that he is personally solicitous as to the outcome of the controversy. Nor is it apparent, as yet, that Judge Pritchard is in error, or that he or any agent of the government acting in conjunction with him has blundered.

These critics of President Roosevelt moreover, touching his particular case, are as insistent in their attacks upon him. They agree only upon one thing and that is that it is the President's fault. When it comes to details they are at variance. One very able journal charges Mr. Roosevelt with cowardice because he has permitted the difficulty to reach such an acute stage by withholding action. Another pictures the terrible possibilities of a conflict soon to come because the President inspired Judge Pritchard's unusual activity and policy. Still another finds in the incident a deliberate attack upon the cherished State rights of the Southern people, and declares that the President has forfeited all the popularity he once enjoyed south of Mason and Dixon line. One set of papers asserts that the administration has gone over body and soul to the railroads, and that the Pritchard decision is a mere detail in working out the plot. Another believes that the conflict has supplied just the opportunity Mr. Roosevelt has been waiting for to emphasize his doctrine of federal control of the roads and to demonstrate the lengths to which the federal authorities can go. And so these critics go on, most of them, with little more than theory to work upon, yet for some unexplained reason all determined that, no matter what the facts in the case, in the end the consequences must be upon Mr. Roosevelt's head.

When the controversy shall be finally analyzed it will be found that this is another instance of false witness against the President, that instead of being on the inside of this case, he is on the outside. He did not instigate it, and he has not been prompting Judge Pritchard. Instead of that, if he has done anything it is from the outside and after—not before—the alleged offense of the judge, and not for the purpose of interfering with the processes of the courts, but for information only. It is inconceivable that he or any other occupant of the White House should attempt to control or influence the orderly conduct of any court, and newspapers which intimate or charge such a thing are committing a flagrant offense against good sense and the high office of the executive.

Took It Literally.

It is told of the late Chauncey Shafer, who bears the same relation to New York's "anecdotage" that Sydney Smith does to London's, that he employed in his law office a stunted youth of very tractable temperament.

One day Mr. Shafer returned from lunch in a lively mood and, by token of the madeira he had consumed, summoned Billy into his private office.

"Boy," he said carelessly, "go over to the special term and see what in —— they're doing up there."

The late Judge Brady was presiding over the trial of an action involving many interesting questions of substantive law; hence the courtroom was empty save for the litigants, their counsel and the necessary witnesses. Judge Brady's kindliness toward women and children was proverbial, and when Billy stood against the railing of the inclosure, his face barely reaching the balustrade, the judge noticed him immediately. He interrupted the arguments of counsel and turned to Billy.

"Well, my lad," he said in suave, judicial accents, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm from Mr. Shafer's office," Billy replied, "and he wants to know what in —— you're up to over here."—Success Magazine.

From Out the Grave.

In the little village of Tewin, Hertfordshire, England, there are five large trees growing out of a single grave, and thereby hangs a curious story. On the slab that marks the grave was carved the inscription:

"Here lyeth inter'd the body of the Right Honorable Lady Anne Grimestone, wife of Sir Samuel Grimestone, Bart., of Colombury, in Hertfordshire, daughter of the late Right Honorable the Earl of Thanet, who departed this life Nov. 22, 1713, in the sixtieth year of her age."

The village story says that Lady Grimestone, persisting in a lifelong denial of the existence of a God, on her deathbed declared in answer to the exhortations of her friends that if in the other world she found that there was indeed a God, five trees would grow out of her grave. The woman died and was buried. Shortly after the interment the five little shoots began to appear, growing constantly until they split the masonry and wrecked the railing about the tomb.—New York Tribune.

Animal Peculiarities.

A herd of wild Asiatic buffaloes will charge any foe, even a tiger, to save the life of one of their number that has been wounded. Elephants, baboons and other animals will do the same thing in a wild state.

On the other hand, monkeys have been known to fall upon one of their number that is ill and drown him, possibly as an act of mercy. Similarly wolves destroy one of the pack that becomes helpless.

If an otter is trapped, his brother otters will run around him all night, showing the utmost concern.

A writer in the London Spectator states that he has seen sparrows in groups discussing and lamenting when one of their number had fallen into a trap. Next day, when a robin was caught, the sparrows paid no attention. He adds that he had seen a big pig try to help a smaller one through a hole in the fence paling by pulling at its head.

Chinese Music.

The Chinese have eight instruments for making their ritual music—the bell, the lyre, the drum, the sonorous stone, the fife, the plume, the shield and the ax. The last three make no music, but are used as decoration or emblem in the musical ceremonies and are enumerated as musical instruments. In every ceremony there are always two instruments of each kind, sometimes as many as four or six, never an odd number, in order to emphasize the duality of the Chinese people. For instance, one drum announces the beginning of the music, and its mate strikes the last note; one bell calls, and its counterpart answers.

Why He Felt Happy.

"Vernon told me this morning," related the lady with the cold blue eye, "that he passed the tree where two years ago he carved your initials and his own and encircled them with a heart. He says he felt so glad he almost danced for joy!"

"Ah," said the tall brunette anxiously, "then he must still love me, after all! Did he tell you why he felt so happy?"

"Yes, dear. He said some men were cutting the tree down!"

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

VACATION EXCURSIONS

$10 from SMETHPORT to

Atlantic City

Cape May

Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City

New Jersey

AUGUST 2, 16 and 26, 1907

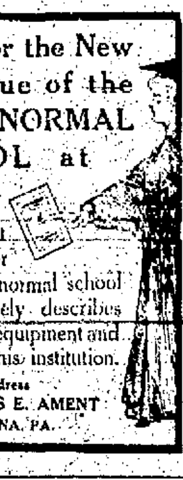
Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF 10 DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.



Send for the New Catalogue of the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL at Indiana

—it is the most elaborate ever issued by a normal school and completely describes the splendid equipment and facilities of this institution.

Address
DR. JAMES E. AMENT
INDIANA, PA.

CURES HEADACHE

HUN-E-LAX

THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

Nourishes the bowels, cures constipation, makes the intestines strong and kills the bowel germs, which brings on 90% of diseases from which we suffer. Get a box to-day. If it does not do as we say, return it and get your money back. We will refund to the dealer. You take no chance whatever. Hun-E-Lax is a little bee-hive shaped bowel tablet, with a bee stamped on it. Sweetens the stomach of children and is taken like honey. Sample for the asking. 25-50c. Trial 10c. Druggists or by mail.

WOOD'S LAXATIVE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Sane's

MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

Special Bargain Sale.

We are now offering all Millinery, Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits and Separate Skirts at genuine bargains. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

Drugs and Medicines Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Playing Cards, Fine Confectionery, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Leather and Rubber Goods at

L. K. Hogarth's,

Leading Druggist,

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Did you know that I keep all kinds of PACKING for

Autos,
Gas, Steam and Gasoline Engines,
Pumps, Etc.?

My line of

Rubber,
Candle Wicks,
Asbestos,
Asbestos Rope,
Wire Woven and all leather packings is complete.

Don't Forget.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas	at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50	at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50	at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords	at $2.95
Women's $3.50 "	at $2.65
Women's $3 "	at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUG. 9 --- AUG. 16

For one Week We will say

GOOD-BYE

TO THE SUMMER GOODS, MULL, DIMITIY, LAWN and BATISTE.

They have to go and price will be no drawback.

Every piece must clear out now for we must use the room they occupy for fall goods.

Good-Bye also to the Shirt Waists. Not many left but they must go—all go at some price.

They are in lots marked at a small percentage of real value, so Good-Bye to them now.

Good-Bye to the Wash Belts, White Hosiery, Summer neckwear, Embroidery, Laces.

And the same to all small lots of Lace Curtains, Ruffled Curtains, Muslin Curtains. All must go.

HOW?

The price will be marked to such an extremely law point that they will go as by magic.

Come and see some of the offerings and they will interest you.

The Lindholm Co.

Do Your Buildings Need Roofing?

If they do Why Not Try SHEDRAIN?

ADVANTAGES OF SHEDRAIN ROOFING.

Will not melt:—Result no tar stained buildings. Will not rot, tear or dry out. Fire resisting. Will not shrink or crack. Climate changes do not effect it. Requires no painting when applied. Absolutely water proof.

Shedrain is tasteless and odorless. Will not contaminate rainwater. Made of the best and strongest wool and felt and any workman can put it on.

For sale by

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-clas mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 8, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Beware of burglars. They are in our midst.

—Don't forget Van Amburg's circus next Wednesday.

—McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20.

—Automobilists are being arrested for fast driving in Bradford.

—The last of the big sale on summer goods is advertised by The Lindholm Co.

—Daly & Garlick have a change of advertisement in this issue which will interest builders.

—Miss Lois Young entertained her Sunday school class at Daly Brook Lodge last Friday.

—Mrs. Allan Park gave a kitchen shower for Miss Mable Camp and Miss Gertrude Walker last Saturday.

—The Ladies' Aid will hold a cooked food sale in the basement of St. Elizabeth's parish house on Saturday.

—The camping parties at Benton's Bridge and Heinemann's Camp returned home Monday and report an excellent time.

—Many improvements are being made in and around the Smethport Window Glass factory and the dwelling houses of the company.

—Next week the Northwestern Pennsylvania Tennis tournament will be held in Erie. Several of our enthusiasts have been practicing for a short time past preparatory to trying for honors.

—The Smethport ball team went to Mt. Alton the first of the week and defeated the home team by a score of 12 to 4.

—J. L. Morrison caught two large pike in the Allegheny river, near Eldred, last week. One weighed four and the other twelve pounds.

—Four persons were killed and 25 injured in a railroad wreck on the Buffalo and Allegheny division of the Pennsylvania railroad near Kittanning on Tuesday.

—The Lock Haven State Normal School closed the best year in its history. This splendid institution was never in better shape than now. Write for illustrated catalog.

—M. Engstrom has started to build a new house on the corner of Main and Pike streets. More should follow his example for there will be a demand for houses here this winter.

—Miss Cora Abby, who has been in a Washington, D. C., hospital with typhoid fever for several weeks, is on the road to recovery and will be able to come home in a short time.

—It is reported that Paul Cramsie of this place fell under the cars at Olean yesterday and one of his legs were cut off. We have not been able to get any particulars about the accident.

—Owing to someone's mistake—not the printer's—the name of Walter O. Daly was left off the list of directors of the Grange National Bank, in their advertisement in the McKean County Fair premium list just published in this office.

—Tuesday morning a prominent Smethport business man thought a diamond ring had been stolen from his place of business and reported the same to Constable Jones with a description of the person suspected. Later he found the ring where it had been misplaced and a good job was spoiled for "Billy." The business man is avoiding his friends as much as possible now until they forget the little joke.

—Died, at her home in Norwich, on Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock, Mrs. Eliza Leonard, wife of Harrison Leonard, in her sixty-second year. She leaves a husband, seven children, three brothers and one sister to mourn her death.

—William Weidell of Buffalo, formerly of Clermont, is a stockholder in the Diamond Oil & Gas Co. of Honeoye, Pa., and expects to drill a test well for oil and gas on his thirty-acre tract of land situated in Clermont in the near future.

—The sixth annual National Protective Legion basket picnic will be held at Riverhurst Park, Wednesday, Aug. 14. Special rates on Shawmut. A grand entertainment has been arranged. All N. P. L. members and their friends are invited.

—Punxsutawney and DuBois have both dropped out of the Interstate League, and this organization will continue for a time with four teams. From the way things are going now it probably will be a one-team league before the end of the season.

—Work is progressing rapidly on the building for the Smethport Cut Glass Company. The basement and sub-basement are completed and the frame work for the first story is up. We understand they expect to be cutting glass about the first of September.

—Homer had just smitten his blooming lyre and burst into tears. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Homer, sympathetically. "I have just realized," he sobbed, "how puny I must have been alongside of Theodore Roosevelt when it comes to smiting lyres."—Ex.

—The Cutlery works has commenced operations. It it true that they are not working on a large scale, only a few men being employed, but they are making sample knives and it is understood that it won't be a great while until the factory is running to nearly its full capacity.

—Orra O'Dell, who murdered his wife at their home near Emporium on July 18th, has pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree. Instead of being sentenced to be hung, however, he will be tried and the county in which he resides put to considerable cost in proving what the man owns up to doing.

—A man living near Punxsutawney nearly killed his wife in an effort to cast out a devil which she claimed was installed in her inner consciousness. He kicked the poor woman terribly. The usual way of casting out evil spirits is by the laying on of hands but in this instance the job was done by the laying on of feet. The original process was less painful than the modern way.—Bradford Era.

—The Port Allegany Reporter says: Now that another circus is coming, the Reporter will again issue advice to those whom it may concern, not to endeavor to beat any of the circus hangers on at their own game. If you see any game in progress that seems dead easy, don't engage; it will prove a delusion and a snare. Shun the fellow with cards and dice, and run if you see a fellow with three little shucks and a putty ball.

—A party of young people who were out riding on a speeder on the Kushequa Route Tuesday evening met with an accident which terminated very fortunately. They were coming down the Ormsby hill and in making the big curve on the Irons farm the speeder left the track and went over the embankment. Miss Orra Gleason and Miss Fannie Foster were slightly bruised and the others escaped uninjured. The speeder was badly wrecked.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 3, 1907:

Frank Andrews, H. Campbell, S. E. Lemon, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Anna Warrenberger.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymol menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dade's Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; A. Anderson Colegrove.

Raise Mules and Get Rich.

My large Spanish Jack, Pedro, will stand the balance of the season at Coryville and vicinity.

JOHN CONNORS,
Shingle House.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

F. W. Hussey is spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mrs. James A. McKean visited Bradford friends yesterday.

Miss Aletha Tooker of Buffalo is the guest of Miss Irma Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo are visiting relatives in town.

A. W. Mitchell of Erie was the guest of relatives in town this week.

John Ottoson and son, Seth, are visiting relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

Misses Orra and Mildred Gleason went to Ceres yesterday for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus are visiting her parents in Eldred this week.

Allan Park and wife are spending their vacation on Chautauqua Lake.

Fred Eckert of Hazelhurst was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Everil Chadwick and Paul Quinlisk are spending the week at Chautauqua Lake.

Mrs. Maude Hussey returned to her home in Charleston, W. Va., last Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Groh [illegible] are visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove were Mt. Jewett visitors last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Nannie Johnson of Hazelhurst was the guest of Miss Marguerite Knapp on Monday.

Roy Schooler and family of Chicago are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Schooler.

Dr. and Mrs. F. Pierce and Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Groh were Rock City visitors yesterday.

Mrs. G. B. Young and two daughters of Geneva, N. Y., are visiting D. C. Young and family.

Mrs. J. D. Abbey spent Sunday in Bradford, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thimm.

Misses Myrtie and Maymie Hinman left this morning for an extended visit to Erie, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio.

Joseph Cumsteadt of Syracuse was a visitor in town this week, the guest of E. T. Newman and S. F. Redfield.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton, Charles Shawman and Fred D. Gallup drove to Bradford Monday in the latter's car.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Mrs. W. S. Palmer, Mrs. R. E. Burdick, Mrs. W. O. Hamlin, Mrs. M. M. Gillette and Miss Mawthorn have been spending a week at [illegible].

Special Excursion via Shawmut to Rock City and Riverhurst Park, August 11, 1907.

On Sunday, Aug. 11th, P. S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Park. Train leaves 10:07 a. m. Round trip rate to Riverhurst Park 75c, to Rock City $1.00. For further particulars see small bills or inquire of agents.

C. H. HAMMOND, A. G. F. A.,
JOS. T. ODELL, G. P. A., Olean, N. Y.
St. Marys, Pa.

If you suffer from bloating, belching, sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Westbrook Academy Graduates.

They are at a premium again this year. None left on the eligible list. 26th school year will open Sept 3.

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McCoy's Drug Store
Next to Postoffice.

Hustling Zebediah.

By LUCY STEWART.

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"Jabez Strong, I'm not going to stand this thing another day!"

"Shoo, ma, how you talk!"

"And you've got to help me."

The cows had been milked, the hogs fed, and Jabez Strong, farmer, had taken his seat beside his wife on the veranda. He didn't ask what it was she would not stand, for the matter had been the subject of numerous conversations before. He had always assumed a neutral position and argued that things would come out all right if left alone, but now he realized that a crisis had arrived.

"If she had a mother it would be different," continued the good wife as she fanned away the mosquitoes with a folded paper, "but she hasn't one. She's only got a father, and he's the biggest old poke in six counties. Just the last thing Melvina Williams said to me on her dying bed was to be a mother to Emeline, and now I'm going to be or know the reason why. I'm going to call her over here tomorrow for a talk, and I'm going to have a talk with Zebediah. It hain't right, and you can't make it right."

"It allus makes things wuss to mix in," answered her husband after a minute.

"It might if Emeline had a mother, but she hain't got. I've let it go on and on, thinking mebbe I hadn't better say nothing, but I shan't let it go another day. I may want you to help me. If I do, you've got to pitch right in."

Across the highway from Farmer Strong's was the farmhouse of Farmer Williams. The two families had been neighbors for fifteen years. Farmer Williams was a good man, but it was also true that he was a "poke." That is, he worked from morning till night, and then after reading his county paper for half an hour he wound up the clock and went to bed. When his wife had died, she left a daughter Emeline, eighteen years old. That was two years before the opening of this story. Just about that time Zebediah Henderson had been taken on as a hired man. Zeb was twenty-three years old and well thought of, but he was slow and conservative by nature.

Some hired men would have fallen in love with Emeline inside of a week, for she was a bright, attractive country maiden, but Zeb waited three months. It came to be a case of love on both sides, and three months later he proposed and was accepted. It stopped short at that, so far as Zeb was concerned. He meant to marry some day, but that day was indefinite. Farmer Williams came to know of the engagement, but he had no opinion to express. He went on with his plowing and eating boiled dinners and left matters to fate.

It was this state of affairs that had provoked the indignation of Mrs. Strong. She didn't think it right on the part of Zebediah to keep Emeline "on the hooks," as she expressed it. While all other young men were driven away by knowledge of the engagement, Zebediah continued to "poke around" as if he had fifty years to get married in. On one or two occasions, when he had come over to borrow a hoe or sit on the veranda and discuss crops with her husband, she had spoken her mind pretty plainly. She had hinted that she knew of farmers' sons who were looking about for wives and that there were more windmill and wire fence men coming along than she could shake a stick at, but Zebediah was unmoved. She had made Emeline own up to the engagement, and she had advised her not to make a long engagement of it, but when the girl blushingly asked her what she could do Mrs. Strong had no plan at hand and didn't know where she was to get one.

Fortune favors the conspirator as well as the brave. Two or three days after her talk with her husband on the veranda Mrs. Strong's brother came on a visit from Illinois. He was a jovial, hustling young man. If he hadn't had a sweetheart back home he would have fallen in love with Emeline Williams. It was while he was praising her that Mrs. Strong got her plan. It was as simple as sliding down a cellar door. She crowed and giggled over it for half an hour and was still crowing and giggling when the girl from across the road came over to borrow a drawing of tea. Mrs. Strong brought out the tea and then motioned her pretty neighbor to take a chair and began:

"Emeline Williams, you have no mother."

"No?"

"Your mother asked me to be a mother to you after she was gone."

"I know it, and you've been awful good to me."

"Emeline, it's a dreadful thing for a girl to be in love and have no mother and an old poke of a father, and I can't stand it any longer. I've got to be your mother and advise with you."

"But father is kind and good, and Zeb is—is"—

"Zeb is what? Been engaged for a year and a half, and he hain't asked you to set the day yet. He may go another year and a half. He may go five years. You can't tell nothing about such a critter. He'll keep poking along till he's bit by a rattlesnake or falls off the roof of a barn. I'm going to talk to you just as if you were my daughter. Something's got to be done."

"I—I can't do anything," stammered the girl as she turned her face away to hide the color.

"But you can, and you're going to. That's where you need a mother; that's where a mother's place come in. If I had five daughters I'll bet I'd marry the last one of 'em off in two years. Now, Emeline Williams, stop twiddling your thumbs and blushing and hitching around and listen to me."

And inside of ten minutes she had developed her plan and guaranteed its successful working. There were objections, but she overruled them. There were protestations, but she silenced them. Half an hour after the girl had run back home with her tea the plan had been communicated to Bert, Mrs. Strong's brother, and entered upon in the heartiest manner. He had been introduced to the Williams household, and, following out the plan, he crossed the road and spent four hours talking to Emeline on the veranda. Zebediah saw them from the cornfield. During the first hour he was easy in his mind. During the second he wondered a bit. Before the third was ended he was feeling the gnawing pangs. He came up to supper sullen and morose, and now and then during the evening he flung out something about "that squirt from Illinois."

Bert came the next day and the next. He also came in the evening. He almost ignored Zeb, while he made every effort to entertain Emeline. He even aroused her father from his wonted lethargy. Zeb wanted to do some kicking, but fear of the law restrained him. He wanted to talk to the girl and tell her what was what, but pride forbade. He was mad and jealous, but there seemed nothing for him to do. He lay in his bed one night thinking things over and gritting his teeth and wondering why girls made fools of themselves, when Farmer Strong roused him up and told him he'd better go to the barn and see if the horses were all right. Farmer Strong thought he had seen some one prowling around. A trip to the barn showed that the gray horse and top buggy were missing. When the Williams household was alarmed, the discovery was made that Miss Emeline was not in her room. Her wardrobe had been overhauled, and she had evidently fled. The discovery was not a minute old when Mrs. Strong came over to report that her brother was missing.

"By gum, but it's an elopement!" exclaimed Zebediah as he made for the barn. "It's an elopement, and I'll kill that squirt from Illinois if I have to follow him to Africa!"

There was another horse in the barn, and, waiting only long enough to slip on a bridle, Zeb mounted and was off for the nearest village. As he went clattering through the midnight darkness he saw red. In his heart he was a murderer ten times over. He did not have to go to the village. Three miles from home he met a boy driving the old gray mare homeward. He had been paid half a dollar by the "squirt" to do so after the young man had taken the train. The boy was positive that there was no one with him. The old mare was put on the gallop for home, and the farmhouse was reached to find the father and daughter at the gate. Emeline had explained that she had sat up late fixing over a dress and had finally gone up to the garret to hunt for some pieces of cloth. 'Elope?' She had never even dreamed of it. In love with the young man from the west? She couldn't say she even liked him.

At this point Mrs. Strong came into the discussion to say that her brother was very erratic and sometimes did strange things and that when he took sudden resolves to go home he sometimes borrowed even a horse and buggy without consulting the owner. She hadn't heard him say he was going home, but he didn't always let her into his confidence. Zeb heard her out and then climbed into the buggy.

"Where are you going?" asked the farmer.

"After Jim Smith, the justice."

"What fur?"

"There's going to be a wedding here in less'n an hour."

And there was, and though the groom was grouchy for awhile he soon got over it and acknowledged that he was glad of it—that is, he was glad he had married five or six years sooner than he had intended to, but if the "squirt" ever returned to that neighborhood let him look out for a broken neck.

Hats In Olden Days.

The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skullcaps, conical, truncated, narrow or broad brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty in the times of Antonius Livius, A. D. 115, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps. Plumed hats were the headdress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes. The broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII. in 1469 wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woolen or knitted caps. Two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys in his diary wrote, "September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner," and again in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears, and Lord Clarendon in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the aged, says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner.

Cruelty.

Kind Lady—And are they good to you in the workhouse? Tramp—Oh, no, ma'am; they're very cruel. They makes us wash ourselves.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

DUELS THAT FAILED

Flash in the Pan Affairs That Originated in Washington.

SOME FAMOUS MEN INVOLVED

The Challenge That Cutting of New York Sent to Breckinridge of Kentucky—The Brooks-Sumner Quarrel and the Pryor-Potter Trouble.

Could the details of the causes of numerous invitations to the field of honor in order to settle differences by a resort to the code duello and the nonmaterialization of these expected hostile meetings be brought to light they would most assuredly prove to be interesting reading matter. Many of these flashes in the pan affairs originated in Washington in the antebellum days.

In the early part of 1854 a big sensation was caused because of a difficulty between John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and F. B. Cutting of New York, both members of the national house of representatives. It was at the time when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was under discussion. Cutting intimated in a speech that Mr. Breckinridge was partly responsible for an article that was published in the Washington Union, the Democratic organ in the capital, which was offensive to him, and the two gentlemen indulged in a colloquy that was very near a bitter personal quarrel. In the course of it Mr. Cutting made a remark, when the Kentuckian arose and in a quiet but very firm manner asked the New York man to withdraw the statement. The house had been listening to the remarks of these gentlemen very earnestly all the while, and when Cutting said, in answer to Breckinridge's request that he withdraw a specified portion of his remarks (they were assertions that Mr. Breckinridge had been skulking), that he would withdraw nothing there came a sensation which developed into great excitement when Breckinridge said Cutting had spoken falsely and that he knew he had lied.

Now, when a gentleman called another gentleman a liar in that period of our history it generally meant a fight of some kind, and so it proved in this case, for before the day was over Mr. Cutting, through his friend, a Mr. Maurice, sent a note to Mr. Breckinridge calling upon him to retract "or to make the explanation due from one gentleman to another."

Early next morning Mr. Breckinridge, through his friend, Colonel Hawkins, accepted the challenge. Both men were up to full measurement in the quality of pluck required for a sanguinary battle. An arrangement was made to meet at Silver Spring, in the state of Maryland, which was the residence of Hon. Francis P. Blair. They were going to fight with the ordinary rifle, but they didn't get together. Mutual friends were grieved at the idea of a prospective tragedy which might end the lives of both of these eminent men. Full details of this transaction in the interests of peace were not known, but the reconciliation was effected, though not without urgent reasonings, and the two became as friendly as ever.

Every one knows of the assault upon Senator Sumner of Massachusetts by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina. No one seemed to think that a challenge to the South Carolina man would come out of this lamentable affair. Brooks, it is very well known, was intensely angered at remarks made by Mr. Sumner concerning Senator Butler of South Carolina, who was an uncle of Brooks. This was in May, 1856. The Massachusetts senator had said in a speech the day before that Senator Butler showed an incapacity for accuracy, whether in stating the constitution or in stating the law. He also said, "He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder." The excitement over this affair was not confined to Massachusetts and this country, but extended across the sea, particularly to England. Massachusetts was stunned with horror. Even Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison were aroused to anger.

In the meantime Mr. Brooks was awaiting a challenge from some one. Senator Wilson, Sumner's colleague and later vice president of the United States, made a speech in which he said the attack upon Mr. Sumner was "barbarous and ruffianly." Mr. Brooks was prompt to send him a challenge for using these words. Senator Wilson was opposed to "the code" and consequently declined the challenge. He sent word to his challenger, however, that he was ready to defend himself whenever assailed. But some one had to come to the front for the sake of the state that honored Sumner. Anson Burlingame was the man. He was afterward, as nearly every one knows, the American minister to China and the author of the agreement known as the Burlingame treaty. He was at the time of the attack upon Sumner a representative in congress from Massachusetts. He made a speech in which he said that Brooks entered the senate chamber and smote Sumner as Cain smote his brother Abel. Mr. Brooks sought some explanation concerning parts of Burlingame's speech, but the Massachusetts man said he would allow his remarks to interpret themselves, and Mr. Brooks sent him a note—a very polite note—which read as follows:

> Sir—You will do me the kindness to indicate some place outside of this District where it will be convenient for you to negotiate in reference to the differences between us.

On the same day Mr. Burlingame answered as follows:

> Sir—Your note of this date was placed in my hands by General Lane this afternoon. In reply I have to say I will be at the Clifton House, Canada side of Niagara falls, Saturday next, at 10 a. m. to "negotiate" in reference to any "difference between us" which in your judgment may require settlement outside of this District.

This expected duel was another that did not materialize. It was prevented by some means. The minions of the law got in their work, and the gentlemen were put under heavy bonds not to violate the statutes.

During the discussions upon the Lecompton measure the Kansas-Nebraska act and the repeal of the Missouri compromise measure there was more acrimony in congress than in any other era in its existence—that is, when folks began to call the house a bear garden. It was almost as bad in the senate. It was during a debate on the Kansas-Nebraska act in the senate Senator Douglas of Illinois and Senator Green of Missouri (poor old Jim Green, who is never spoken of by those who knew him but with pity for the unfortunate drinking habit that occasioned his downfall) had trouble.

Green in his speech said that Douglas did not dare to controvert him. It was a debate in which Jefferson Davis got mixed up, and there were personalities all around. There was some movement toward a duel at that time between Douglas and Green. Notes had passed, and everybody expected there would be something going on at Bladensburg, but friends intervened and prevented a hostile meeting.

Then there comes to mind that famous Pryor-Potter trouble, which grew out of a charge that Potter, who was a Wisconsin man, had interpolated the manuscript of the house reporter. The quarrel that began over that resulted in Mr. Pryor, who represented the Richmond (Va.) district, sending Potter a challenge. Potter, while disclaiming allegiance to the code, said he would fight Pryor indoors or out in the District with bowie knives. Pryor declined to fight in this way on the ground that the weapons were barbarous, inhuman and not used among gentlemen. Then General Lander, who was Potter's friend, offered to fight Pryor in any way, but his offer was declined on the ground that he (Pryor) had had no quarrel with Lander.

There were other duels expected in Washington in the dueling days that never took place, but those cited here are about the most important of the episodes.—Washington Post.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

He Found It In the Rubbish Heap and Made the Most of It.

How to bridge the gap between my clerk's desk and the magic "road" was my serious problem not so many years ago. I was a "stock" man in a big railway supply house. I felt I knew the business, believed I had selling ability, and the game appealed to me irresistibly. But the sales manager thought I was too young. It was "up" to me to prove myself.

The opportunity to do so would not come from him. I must find it myself, and I kept my eyes open.

One of the eyesores of the warehouse was a great pile of red glass globes for brakemen's signal lanterns. They had been in stock for five or six years, 200 dozen of them.

Styles in lanterns for railroad men had changed. Our new models were all too small and light to make use of them. They were simply rubbish. Two or three times the head of the department had all but decided to break them up to save storage room.

Going home one night I noticed the red lights guarding a gas main excavation—cheap lanterns with red cloth sewed round the globes, signals you couldn't see a hundred yards away.

Thought of our stock of old red globes came to me, and next morning I took one down to the lantern department. I explained my idea to the foreman and asked him if he could make up a cheap lantern for contractors' use.

He interested himself, stamped out the shapes for two dozen with our old tools and gave me the cost figures. I added the original price of the globes, plus interest, and had no trouble selling the whole lot to one contractor.

Canvassing the town, I sold twenty dozen to the gas and water companies and individual contractors.

Then I asked the sales manager to let me sell the rest of the globes. He was amused, but put me on his payroll and gave me a mileage book, and I started out to prove myself a salesman.

Three weeks it took me to sell all my lanterns—to contractors, to railroads and to gas and water companies. The profits were so good that we added a contractors' red lantern to our regular line, and no one ever questioned my title to a salesman's territory.—D. N. G., in System.

Hat Raising In Germany.

The etiquette of hat raising in Germany is one of those things which may betray the foreigner into unintentional rudeness through sheer ignorance. A correspondent knows of a German lady who was puzzled and hurt because some Englishmen whom she had met before did not raise their hats to her in the street until the explanation came that she expected them to do it of their own accord by the German rule instead of waiting for her to recognize them first by the English. These differences of national etiquette are great pitfalls. A converse case was that of an Englishman staying in a German town who accompanied his host's wife to a concert. Walking home, he gave her the inside of the pavement, according to English manners, but the host, who happened to see this, was rendered painfully suspicious by this unfamiliar attention.—London Chronicle.

CALIFORNIA MONEY.

Queer Early Coinage—O. O. Mills Issued First Paper Money.

Coins in California till the fall of 1856 were a queer kettle of fish. More than 60 per cent of the silver and at least 25 per cent of the gold were foreign.

Most of the other gold coins were private coins. Moffit & Co. got a permit from the government to coin gold. Their coinage was stamped "Moffit & Co."

We had all kinds of doubloons and smaller South and Central American coins. Of the smaller gold coins the French twenty franc piece led all the others.

The English guinea was fairly represented. But it passed for only its face value, while the other gold passed for more. The twenty franc piece, value $3.75, went at $4.

There was a still greater discrepancy in the silver coins. A one franc piece went for 25 cents, and the East India rupee, value 45 cents, went for 50 cents; the five franc piece, $1. The French silver represented about 60 per cent of the silver circulation.

German silver thalers, worth 60 cents, went at $1. Everything above 50 cents was $1, and everything above 25 cents was 50 cents. A French bank in San Francisco was said to have got rich shipping French coin in exchange for gold dust. United States coin was scarcer until the mint was established. In the fall of 1856 the banks refused to take any foreign coins except at a heavy discount. The result was that in a few months all foreign coin disappeared. It proved a bonanza for the saloon people. They would still give a drink for a franc, while the banks gave only 12½ cents. The saloon people gathered them and the rupees in at old prices and sold to the banks for bullion and made a good thing.

But for a few years we suffered badly for silver change. Even until 1856 gold dust circulated to a considerable extent in mining districts, but the scales were always used.

There was no paper money until D. O. Mills & Co. issued their gold notes about 1858. In getting change for an old octagon $50 gold, often as many as four or five nationalities would be represented in the change. On all drafts sent east $3 was charged by the express companies until Adams & Co. and Page, Bacon & Co. failed and left the field to Wells-Fargo; then it was raised to $5.

Greenbacks were never recognized as money, only as a commodity. They were used for buying postage and revenue stamps. All mercantile billheads and notes had the special contract enforcement for gold. California even paid the claims of the federal government in gold. And it came in mighty handy to Uncle Sam in 1862 and 1863. The old style Californian still has an inclination for the yellow stuff.—T. E. Magazine.

A Vague Prescription.

One of the virtues of the modern physician is definiteness of direction. To prescribe a dose "once in so often" is to leave a wide margin of chance, especially if the drug be a potent one. Let it be hoped that the good man whose prescription is quoted below was not dealing in strychnine nor prussic acid. The letter is taken from "Highways and Byways In Sussex" by E. V. Lucas and was written by the doctor in an English village a century ago:

> Mr. Andrews—I have sent you some things which you may take in the manner following, viz: of that in the bottle marked with a + you may take of the quantity of a spoonful or so now and then, and at night take some of those pills, drinking a little warm beer after it, and in the morning take 2 spoonfuls of that in the other bottle, fasting an hour after it, and then you may eat something, you may take also of the first and every night a pill and in the morning.
>
> I hope this will do you good which is the desire of him who is your loving friend. WILLIAM HENDRIGG.

The Call of the Dime Novel.

Between the writer and his constituents there was a bond of affection which incited him to make them glad to be alive. In the mind of every healthy boy there is romance. For that boy's entertainment the producer of dime fiction strewed romance through farm, mining camp and city street. Out of his surroundings, however sordid, the boy was lifted. He became to himself the center of the universe. At the particular spot on the globe on which he stood all the parallels and the meridians converged. In no more intense a degree than this did exaltation ever come to the Count of Monte Cristo—the world was his. What was Edmond Dantes' paltry $20,000,000 to the vast treasures, physical and spiritual, spread out by Oobod before "Plucky Paul, the Boy Prospector," and his tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of readers?—C. M. Harvey in Atlantic.

The Backward Moor.

There is no education as we understand it among the Moors. There are no clocks, and it is estimated by one who knew that not 15 per cent of the population are able to reckon the time of day. As the sun crosses the meridian at seventeen minutes past 12 a flag is run up on the tower of the principal mosque, and immediately other flags appear upon the towers of the other mosques throughout the city. This is noon. At half past 1 another flag is run up, and at sunset the evening gun is fired. This is the extent of the Moorish idea of time. Only a few of the better class have books or can read or write. The mails are carried by runners who go from Tangier to Fez in two days. They carry a loaf of coarse wheaten bread, which, together with an occasional drink of buttermilk, serves as their only sustenance.—Harold F. Sheets in Outing Magazine.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Judge of Election—H. H. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keena Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. H. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIBBEN, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 131, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.—Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Catching a Thief.

By JUDSON WELLES.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Mornington scowled at the tiny dish of berries before his plate. Sam, his dusky man, smiled apologetically.

"Ahm doin' my bes'," he declared. "Ah shuah would lik to kotch 'em."

"Same here," declared Mornington. "You don't suppose that the people next door take them do you, Sam?"

Sam shook a knowing head. The young ladies, he declared, could not be guilty of such depredations. Ever since they had moved in they had favored Sam with sunny smiles as they passed his yard on the way to the post-office. Sam was their secret slave.

With Mornington it was different. He had resented the appearance of this little colony on the next farm. There were six of them, five girls and an elderly woman, who apparently chaperoned them. Gossip said that they

"WE MUST HAVE [illegible] YOU ALL [illegible]

were artists, [illegible]

[illegible] she asked. [illegible]

"We have them so [illegible]," she [illegible]. "It's [illegible] of the things we [illegible] to the country for, fresh fruit. After being cooped up in studios all [illegible] fruits and vegetables off the [illegible] it is just heavenly to come out in the garden before breakfast and pick your own berries."

"But don't you think it would be better to find out whose berries you are picking?" he suggested. "Even in the country, property rights obtain."

"These are ours," she declared. "We were very particular in our inquiries."

"Yet the garden belongs to me," he insisted, a little shamefacedly. Somehow his triumph was losing its savor.

"Then we must have been robbing you all this time," she said, with a face suddenly grown as red as the berries in the pan. "I am very sorry."

"It's all right," he said awkwardly, wondering why he had not noticed before what glorious eyes the girl had.

"It is not all right," she said decidedly. "We are not thieves. Please take them. You can send the pan back when you are through."

"Pray accept them with my compliments," he said stupidly. He knew that he was making a fool of himself, and he chafed at the knowledge.

For answer the girl laid the pan on the ground and turned away. Mornington watched her go through the paths to the fence and slip through a broken place. She had the regal [illegible] of a queen and a face to match. Now he would never have a chance to get acquainted with her, and he suddenly realized that that was the one thing above all others that he most desired.

Shamefacedly he picked up the pan and went back to the house to send Sam over with the fruit. Sam regarded him reproachfully when he had told his tale, but the darky went down the road to the next house and, after a long delay, returned without the pan, but he laid a shining half dollar in Mornington's palm.

"Dey wouldn't take 'em," he explained. "I shuah had t' tak de money."

Mornington flung the money from him with a gesture of disgust and went in to breakfast feeling out of joint with the whole world.

But there was worse yet to come, for in the forenoon Torrence, former owner of the farm, made his appearance with the chaperon from the house next door. With many a "hem" and a "haw" Torrence confessed that finding a chance to clinch the lease of the adjoining farm through the strawberry bed he had told the women that it was a part of the land they had rented. "I honestly meant to speak to you about it, because I knew that you had more berries than you wanted. I was going to pay for what they ate out of the rent," he concluded.

Mornington rose to his feet, and Torrence backed through the door. More than once he had witnessed the city man's hasty temper, and he had no desire for an exhibition.

Mornington watched him go and then turned to Mrs. Surrey.

"I don't know what I can say to you to excuse my conduct," he began. "I missed the breakfast berries and wanted to put a stop to it, but I did not know that Torrence had claimed my berry patch for his own. May I beg that my apology be the freedom of the berry patch? There are plenty for us both. I am not always a bear, so you need not be afraid to gather them."

When he so wished, Mornington could be very charming, and now he was exerting himself to the full. Mrs. Surrey became gracious, and the upshot was that Mornington accepted an invitation to tea, when he might make his apology in person to Nancy [illegible]

So successful was he that the next morning when he went to pick his own berries he lingered to help her fill her pan. The berry season passed all too quickly, but there were other fruits, and soon there was a well trodden path from Mornington's porch to the doorway of Surrey farm. He went with the girls on field trips, and in the pleasant summer evenings he took his guitar and spent the evenings on their porch.

Nancy remained his favorite, and the day before they were to break up and return to town he volunteered to help pack.

"Come down to the orchard," he suggested to Nancy, "and get some apples to take back. They will help you to think of the old place while they last."

Nancy caught up her sunbonnet. The basket they carried was soon filled with [illegible]

[illegible]

"Were you sorry you changed your mind?" he asked softly.

"Not after you found that I was not a thief."

"But you are," he persisted. "You stole my heart."

"I might say the same of you," she declared as he took her hand.

"'Set a thief to catch a thief,'" he quoted. "Have I caught you, dear?"

"I guess you have," she confessed, "though you don't deserve to."

"And next season we will share the strawberries," he declared. "It will be joint ownership then."

[illegible] the sunbonnet [illegible] his face.

About Eyeglasses.

Fortunately there comes a day in each life when the eyes require [illegible] to accomplish their usual results. Many are obliged by slight defects of vision to adopt glasses quite young, even as children, and it is fortunate that science has made such progress in this branch, for there is [illegible] a blind person. Accidental loss of sight cannot be overcome, but slight defects may now, thanks to the oculist, be generally remedied. The wearing of glasses is a trial from the first to last, although the fitting of the nose glass is reduced to a fine art. Spectacles are the only comfortable and satisfactory sort to wear.

It is better to wear nose glasses without a chain, even at the risk of breaking them, for the chain drags the glasses to one side and frequently weakens the springs. The chain, too, twists itself into intricate kinks at inconvenient times and causes a word or two of mild profanity on the part of the wearer. If something must be worn, a cord is better.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Failing Memory.

The memory is the most easily fatigued of all our mental faculties. This would seem almost to follow from the very nature of this faculty. To recall an impression already stored up in the brain necessarily involves effort. Every student knows that after a few hours' work the memory loses its power and further effort becomes unprofitable. It is consistent with this view that the memory is the faculty which first decays with the advance of age. With many persons this enfeeblement sets in before middle life is past. Events known to us in youth, when memory was fresh and strong, can be recalled in old age, while the things that happened yesterday readily slip into oblivion.

A QUEER CALCULATION.

The Power That Would Be Required to Move the Earth.

Statisticians sometimes have queer ideas. One of them amused himself by calculating how much energy, water and coal it would take to move the earth a foot, supposing that it was subjected throughout its mass to a force equivalent to terrestrial gravitation. This is a gratuitous supposition, for in spite of its enormous mass the earth weighs nothing.

Starting with the fact that the earth's mass is about 6,100 million-million-million tons, our statistician calculates that we should require 70,000,000,000 years for a 10,000 horsepower engine to move our globe a foot. The boiler that should feed this engine would vaporize a quantity of water that would cover the whole face of the globe with a layer 300 feet deep. The vaporization of this water would require 4,000 million-million tons of coal. This coal, carried in cars holding ten tons each and having a total length of thirty feet, would require 400 million-million cars, which would reach 80,000,000 times around the earth. This train, moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, would take more than 5,000,000 years to travel its own length. It would require for storage a shed that would cover 1,000 times the area of Europe.

If we realize that this fantastically huge amount of energy is nothing at all compared with what the earth possesses in virtue of its rotation about its axis, its revolution about the sun and its translation in space with the solar system, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part of the universe, we may get some idea of the importance of man in the universe and estimate his incommensurable pride at its just value.

A PIQUED BONIFACE.

Meilhac and a Costly Dish That He Did Not Eat.

Among the most absentminded of geniuses was the French composer Meilhac. On the occasion of the first [illegible] Meilhac, in evening dress, entered a fashionable restaurant and threw himself down at a table, thinking earnestly about the event of the evening and nothing else.

A waiter brought him a menu. Meilhac, a man of very simple tastes in the matter of food, abstractedly indicated with his finger the first dish on the bill that his eye had struck. Now it chanced that this was the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and, when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order, there was [illegible]

[illegible]

"Certainly, M. Meilhac."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, [illegible]"

"Then kindly take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Meilhac, "and bring me two fried eggs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Couldn't Quit Gambling.

Driving a cab in the streets of London is a young man who has literally thrown away a fortune. The son of a wealthy family in Yorkshire, he went into the army, but soon became distinguished [illegible] He ruined himself and had to leave his regiment. Some time ago, while living in [illegible], news was brought to him that he had been left [illegible]. There was a condition attached to the legacy, but the money was [illegible] in the will. [illegible] A detective was set to watch the ex-captain and saw him enter a well known club one evening, where he lost the sum of [illegible], which he had raised on his expectations. He forfeited his legacy before he had ever laid hands on it.—London Tit-Bits.

In Coils of a Python.

Mr. Cocklin, walking in thick grass near the Marico river, Bechuanaland, was thrown to the ground by a fourteen-foot python, which coiled around his legs and then tried to drag him to a tree near by, so that, by coiling its tail around the trunk, it might proceed to crush him to death.

When within two yards of the tree Mr. Cocklin got a hand free and shot the snake, which was so heavy that it needed three men to lift it.—East London Dispatch.

Hardly.

Miss D.—Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant Y.?

Miss A.—First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?

"But he swims beautifully."

"Oh, yes. But one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

The Poor Doctor.

"Say, Weary, here's a doctor dat says de best kind of exercise is walkin' to your work."

"Is dat so, Hungry? Den I suppose de doctor gets his exercise by visitin' de cemetery on foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where might is master, justice is servant.—German Proverb.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and [illegible] poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney [illegible] trouble, lumbago and [illegible] feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Coutlet's Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

An Earnest Trifler.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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"What an age it is since I've seen you!" said Branton Ridgely, turning with enthusiasm to Eleanor Grayson.

The pink skirted candles on Mrs. Courtney's dinner table cast a glow across the pale oval of Miss Grayson's face. From under her dark, delicately arched brows her hazel eyes looked out on the world with starry seriousness.

"The last time we met," he went on, "was at the Van Nestor's tennis tournament on the 17th of September."

Miss Grayson laughed.

"What a memory for dates! I suppose you also recall each bit of our conversation?"

"Every word. Do you remember calling me a trifler?"

"Did I? Well, I recollect your telling me that I was an erratic, headstrong young woman. That was two months ago, and I don't think either of us have changed much since."

"I accept the rebuke," said Ridgely meekly.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such good material? Instead of a leader of cotillions you might be a leader of men."

"And isn't it a pity to hide yourself from your friends and stay in that settlement, toiling and slaving?"

"And enjoying it more than anything I've ever done before," supplemented Miss Grayson warmly.

"That's all very well, but how am I ever to catch a glimpse of you? I was just beginning to know your last [illegible] you [illegible]. And [illegible]," he predicted sarcastically, "[illegible] fall in love with one of the working [illegible] unless you're already interested in some one else."

"Such frankness merits frankness in [illegible] one. But your first surmise was wrong. The hero in this case is quite unknown. I've never even seen him."

"Never mind," growled Ridgely. "He'll avow himself soon enough when he's found your [illegible]"

"Well, then, he'll have to change his present tactics," answered Miss Grayson lightly. "Do you know, it's the [illegible]

[illegible]

aid. I have rented and renovated a house—number 12, Pearl street—and we're going to live there and run it to suit ourselves."

"Alone?"

"Why, of course!"

"Well, to say it's madness is [illegible]. In that quarter of the city! Together alone! If your people [illegible]"

"I shouldn't be doing it? Probably not. As all my friends have [illegible] [illegible] of taking care of myself. And [illegible] reason why I shouldn't make experiments [illegible] Miss Ellis[t]on and I aren't altogether alone. We have a very [illegible] German servant, Gretchen. And I'm sure the man who sends the [illegible] would be delighted to see to what use we've put it. We have only been in the house a week and have an inmate already—such a piteous case, a little Italian girl whose stepfather, Grinaldo, forced her to work in a cigar factory, though she was so ill she could scarcely stand. Grinaldo used to beat her if her earnings didn't please him. If you could have seen her poor arms—so wasted and pinched black and blue! Of course it was a case for the societies, but I didn't wait for them to interfere. I took her in myself. I wanted to see those olive cheeks of hers grow rounded out and rosy, and those scrawny brown hands—do you know, she looks as if she'd gained pounds already! Her eyes are beginning to lose their haggard look, and she doesn't duck her head as if she expected a blow."

"And her stepfather?"

"Grinaldo? Oh, he's disappeared! We won't have any more trouble with him, I fancy. There! I've bored you with talking about myself, but it's going to end, for I am taking the privilege of excusing myself and leaving early. Mrs. Courtney is a lenient hostess!"

"You'll let me put you into your cab?" said Ridgely.

"I would, if I expected to take one, but I'm going back to Pearl street via this [illegible] It drops me within three blocks of the door."

"Three blocks! Oh, I say, Miss Grayson, won't you [illegible]"

"Thank you, no. I shall be perfectly safe. I've come and gone of my own free will for the last week. The people down there are too busy minding their own affairs to interfere with me."

A few moments later, swathed in a long dark coat that fitted closely and hid the folds of her dinner gown, Miss Grayson hailed a crosstown car. It was a cloudy evening that threatened rain, and before she reached her destination the storm broke wildly, the great drops falling in gusts against the car windows. The corner at which Miss Grayson alighted was utterly deserted. Pale gleams from half opened tenement shutters and the dim, murky yellow of the street lamps were reflected in the streaming gutters and the sidewalk's miniature pools. Miss Grayson splashed briskly ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left, till she neared her own abode and turned her head to glance in the windows. The partition of what had once been a narrow hall had been removed, and the whole was turned into a spacious sitting room. The embers of a half spent grate fire threw a softened color over books and pictures, and the dark, thin face of little Tessa, who was seated on the hearth rug.

"Well, Tessa!" called Miss Grayson, opening the door and pausing a moment to wrest the key from the reluctant lock. "Did you sit up for me? And where's Miss Elliston?"

But Tessa's slow, sweet voice was checked midway in reply, for of a sudden Miss Grayson was thrust violently into the room, and the half opened door was closed behind her. Against it leaned the threatening figure of Grinaldo, his lips in an ugly line.

"What do you mean by breaking in like this?" demanded Miss Grayson, sternly quiet, though a pulse beat hurriedly in her throat.

Grinaldo fixed his narrow eyes on her. Anger [illegible] under the brownish pallor of his skin. She had taken his [illegible] for [illegible] for him. Now he had come [illegible] She would [illegible]

[illegible]

them! And the money [illegible]

[illegible] she questioned.

[illegible]

"Stand for 'Earnest Trifler,'" he said lightly. "I thought I'd like to help, but I'm [illegible] a [illegible] blunderbuss [illegible] how. You see, a trifler wouldn't stand much of a chance with you, would he, Miss Grayson?"

"An earnest trifler would," she [illegible] [illegible] she still held in her hand.

"Really?" cried Ridgely, with a [illegible] light half [illegible] in its [illegible]

"Yes, really," said Miss Eleanor Grayson in a tone that made Ridgely's heart skip at least three beats.

Why They Cheered.

Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was a great but unpopular man. When he entered the senate house it was the ill mannered practice of the undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle.

"How this originated I do not know," writes Dean Farrar in his book, "Men I Have Known." "There were two legends about it. One was that it intimated that the master would have to whistle for a bishopric; the other, equally absurd, was that when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle.'"

But under the rough manners of the students there was genuine goodness of heart. Dr. Whewell's wife died. He had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an "old man's anguish and a strong man's tears."

"When next he entered the senate house," writes Dean Farrar, "there was dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard, and then a moment afterward, as by spontaneous impulse the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud [illegible] It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at again."

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THE "MARSEILLAISE."

It Was Written by Rouget de Lisle In One Brief Hour.

On April 24, 1792, Rouget de Lisle, the military engineer, who had assumed the aristocratic prefix to become an officer, was a guest at a banquet given by Baron Dietrich, first mayor of Strassburg.

Patriotic excitement was at its height. "Marchons!" "Aux armes, citoyens!" were phrases on every lip. But as the champagne went round the ladies grew weary and pleaded for another topic. Patriotic songs? A hymn for the army of the Rhine? Something better than the jingling "Ca Ira!" The host first suggested a public competition and a prize. Then he turned to Rouget de Lisle and asked him to "compose a noble song for the French people."

Rouget de Lisle tried to excuse himself. Again the champagne passed round, and just as the party broke up a fellow officer about to quit Strassburg next day begged De Lisle for a copy of his forthcoming song.

"I make the promise on behalf of your comrade," Dietrich replied.

Rouget de Lisle reached his lodging close by, but not to sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he struck a few chords. Soon a melody seemed to grow under his fingers. No sooner had he put down the notes than he dashed off the words.

This having in a brief hour secured for himself an undying name he threw himself upon his bed and slumbered heavily.—Reader Magazine.

STAMMERING.

Caused More Often by Habit Than by Defective Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of imitation than of any defect of the vocal organs," says an authority. "It is generally if not always caused by a spasm of the larynx resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, its return [illegible] a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between words and tune, the nervousness is consequently lessened, and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed.

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In the comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and said, [illegible]

"We are!" they answered together.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment!" she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks and is now just able to sit up. He's very downhearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window I know he'll be very grateful to both of you!"

She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's face the [illegible] shook hands and departed for their [illegible]—London Telegraph.

All Up Stairs.

[illegible] lightning strikes up instead of down. It was [illegible] story told many years ago of a party of men standing on the porch of a church [illegible] mountain in Styria. They were looking down into the valley below, where a great electrical storm was raging, and with the sun shining upon them at their [illegible] Suddenly a bolt came up from the valley and killed several of the party.—Circle.

Going and Coming.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's rooms on the floor below getting a tooth out," said his host.

"But it seems to come from the floor above."

"Ah! Then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Excuse.

Benevolent Man (who has given a tramp some work).—You're working slowly, my man. Tramp—I'm trying to spin it out. Who knows when I shall get any more?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Soft Answer.

"Father, do all angels have wings?"

"No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.—Atlanta Constitution.

Modest.

"Did he ask her father for her hand in marriage?"

"No. He needed $10, and he didn't want to ask for too much at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Had Hopes.

Young lady (owner of great estates).—As far as the eye can reach, all the land belongs to me. Admirer (respectfully).—I hope you are not shortsighted.—Stray Stories.

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BALL FIELD STORIES

Peculiar Incidents Not Covered by the Rules.

PUZZLES FOR THE UMPIRE.

Treadway's Foul Hit That Struck Fair, but Was Declared Foul—When Tommy Tucker Saw Snakes—A Batted Ball That Never Came Back.

Baseball rules are supposed to cover every possible emergency that may arise during a game, yet a dozen times a week in some nook or corner of the world there arises a situation over which there are certain to be bitter disputes and which the umpire alone may judge.

Even in the big leagues these things occur. One did on the old Eastern park grounds at Brooklyn in a game between Philadelphia and the Perambulators.

The decision of the umpire was upheld by President Nick Young, although it still is open to dispute.

It happened that in the seventh inning, with two men on bases, Treadway hit a line drive down the left field line. The ball beyond doubt was going foul, for it was curving toward the foul line rapidly. Gaffney, who was umpiring the game, was standing at the plate squinting down the line, his eye following the ball.

Suddenly a flight of pigeons swept along. The ball struck one of the pigeons, knocking it to the earth, and the ball itself swerved from its course and struck the ground a foot inside the foul line. The Brooklyn runners raced around the bases, but Gaffney waved them back and declared the hit foul. There was a long wrangle, which resulted in Brooklyn protesting the game, but Uncle Nick upheld Gaffney.

Jiggers Donahue always had a terror of all sorts of snakes, toads and bugs, and this terror once nearly lost Chicago a victory over Washington.

Joe Cantillon knew of this aversion, and when the Senators opened in Chicago Cantillon spent the early afternoon digging fishing worms, grubs and the like, and he arrived at the park with a couple of pails filled with them.

Joe waited several innings, and then with one of the Senators on first, he began sprinkling worms around the sack. Jiggers did not notice it for a minute, and, indeed, not until the Washington player ran off the bag to draw the throw. The ball came low and just before he stooped to catch it Jiggers saw the ground covered with worms. He let out a yell and jumped a foot in the air. He managed to block the ball, however, and sent in a hurry-up call for John to sweep the ground around the base.

All through the game Cantillon and his men sprinkled worms and bugs around Jiggers and kept him in a state of terror, but with the aid of the broom he managed to frustrate his tormentors and escape without an error, and the following day he appealed to the umpire to make the Senators quit.

Tommy Tucker, however, was not so lucky as Jiggers. He lost a game for Washington to Chicago once and started a battle all because of a trick Bill Dahlen and Bill Everett put up on him.

Tom never did like snakes. Indeed, he held them in abhorrence, and in some way Dahlen discovered this. Washington was to play Chicago that afternoon, and during the morning practice on the west side grounds Dahlen and Everett discovered a small gartersnake and treasured it up.

Along in the fourth inning Everett cracked out a hit, and as soon as he landed on first base Dahlen, ignoring his usual custom, ran out to coach, and a moment later he slipped the harmless little reptile to Everett, who dropped it into Tucker's hip pocket.

Tommy discovered the snake just as the pitcher was delivering the ball, and, with a yelp, he deserted first base. The shortstop gathered up the ball on the run and started to throw to second, but was too late and threw toward first. Tommy was twenty feet off the base, jumping up and down and hunting for something with which to kill that snake, and the ball went to the stands, and Chicago scored four runs in the round.

Tucker protested wildly, but the umpire couldn't find anything about snakes in the rule book and let it go at that.

But possibly the hardest decision an umpire ever tackled fell to the lot of Jack Stratton, who was umpiring a game between the Dallas (O.) team and the club from Sycamore Valley years ago.

The teams were playing down at Lynn's bottom at Sycamore Valley, and the score was 15 to 12, or something like that, in favor of Dallas in the ninth inning, with two out and the bases filled. At any rate, whatever the score was, Sycamore Valley needed three runs to tie and four to win, and it happened that Butch Carpenter, one of the weakest hitters on the team, was at bat.

One strike had been called when Butch hit the ball. Where that ball went no one knows to this day. All the players were running. They saw the ball pitched and saw it hit, but just as the bat hit the ball the boiler at Hick's sawmill, about 200 yards away, exploded.

About five minutes later, when the smoke and steam cleared away, the base runners remembered and ran around to the plate.

The real argument started about half an hour later, when everybody had visited the wreck. Sycamore Valley claimed the victory, declaring that four runs had scored, and Jack Stratton allowed their claim.—Minneapolis Tribune.

WORM EATING.

One of the Trades Classed as Dangerous in England.

Time was when it was difficult to obtain an antique oak escritoire or a set of twelve solid dining room chairs for anything less than £10. But "Nous avons changé tout cela," as they say in Brittany. Nowadays, thanks to the indefatigable labors of the worm eater, one can purchase furniture of almost any age, in almost any condition of senile decay, for a modest sum. The worm eater is indeed a public benefactor, one who does good by stealth and would blush to find it fame if he had not long ago renounced the gentle art of blushing.

He is usually an elderly man with a slight limp, is the worm eater. In early youth he was apprenticed to a jobbing house carpenter, but by sheer ability, by pluck, grit, perseverance and the exercise of those qualities of body and mind which men call genius, he has risen above his station and the sphere in which he was born and now occupies a position in the professional world as far above that of his original employer as Portland place is above Pimlico. He is not, however, unduly uplifted by success. He does not desert his old master. Nay, more, upon his talents do the finances of his employer largely depend. Vainly may the carpenter piece together fragments of deal into the shape of a bureau; vainly may he turn empty wooden biscuit boxes into cabinets. The public will not look at his wares until the master hand of the worm eater has been laid upon these trumpery modern fabrics with a mellowing touch that is only comparable to that of Father Time.

Wresting the common deal armchair from the clutch of the carpenter, our hero proceeds to paint it all over with a solution of beer and boot blacking until it presents the appearance of extreme age. He then takes a diminutive gimlet from his pocket and makes a number of minute holes in the legs and back of the chair until even an expert would think that a worm had been making its mighty nest for centuries in the wood from which this article of furniture is manufactured. (The worm is nature's lathe. He turns things while you wait; hence the old saying to the effect that the worm will turn. You cannot prevent him.)

The chair is now ready to be displayed in the window of "Ye Olde Antique Seconde Hande Furniture Shoppe," where it will be labeled: "A Bargain. Only £3. Supposed to have been one of the Duke of Buckingham's family seats." And it will eventually be bought by a wealthy American millionaire who wishes to furnish his home in Mogsville, Va., in a style some three centuries anterior to the discovery of his continent. You may wonder perhaps why I have included the profession of the worm eater in the list of "dangerous trades." The danger with which the worm eater is invariably faced is that at any [illegible] found out and [illegible] hard labor for [illegible] ly, 'tis a hard [illegible] all your sympathies.—London Tatler.

Talking About the Baby.

When the visitors asked the mother how old her infant was she replied without hesitation that he was four months.

"Why, no, he isn't," corrected the father, who sat near by; "he is only three and a half months."

"I suppose I shall have to learn it," said the young mother resignedly. "I feel that in a very short while I shall be doing the very thing for which I laughed at mothers in the days before I was married. Then when they told me the ages of their infants in months, weeks and days I thought it was supremely silly. When one would say to me, 'Willie is three months, three weeks and four days old,' I was wont to shrug my shoulders and wonder why she didn't put it in round numbers. 'Four months would be near enough in all conscience,' I would say to myself.

"Also I used to hear that 'Anthony weighs nine pounds and eight ounces,' and that seemed to me a waste of breath; either eight or nine pounds would have been near enough to have satisfied any one's curiosity. But now I am deemed an unnatural mother if I put my child's age or weight in round numbers, and so, being corrected, I will tell you that my precious pet, who is the very sweetest thing that ever happened, is, as his father amends, 'three months, two weeks and—let me see—six days old.'"—Baltimore News.

A Study In Names.

The names on the little vestibule plates in a New York apartment house are the subject of a letter from New York in a Vienna paper. "I had to stand in the little space," the writer says, "waiting for some one five flights up to pull a string which opens the entrance door. This took a long time, and I had opportunity to study the names of the people in the house. These were some of the names: Becker, Schneider, Schuster, Kelner, Schreiner, Fuhrman and Drucker. At first I thought that the various apartments were occupied by persons engaged in trades named on the little signs, but this was not so. Becker (baker) was a clerk; Schneider (tailor) was a railroad employee; Schuster (shoemaker) was a cigarmaker; Kelner (waiter) was an electrician; Schreiner (carpenter) was a woman, a dressmaker; Fuhrman (teamster) was a barber, and Drucker (printer) was a painter. The person whom I visited escorted me to the door and called my attention to one little sign which I had overlooked. It was inscribed 'Baker.' 'That,' he said, 'is the only American family in the house, and they have a boarder whose name is Carpenter. Both men are ironworkers.' It all made me think I had been at a labor union convention."

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